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PIPSISSEWAY'S PINE.

(Frontispiece)

ELDORADO FOUND

The Central Pennsylvania Highlands

A Tourist's Survey

BY

HENRY W. SHOEMAKER

(Author of "A Week In the Blue Mountains", Etc.)

"Come with me up into the mountains and I will show to you the glory of the world."—Henrik Ibsen.

"Among the Alps I become a child again"—Henri-Frederic Amiel.

(PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED)

Altoona, Pennsylvania

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1917

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The Karoondinha, near Coburn, Centre County.

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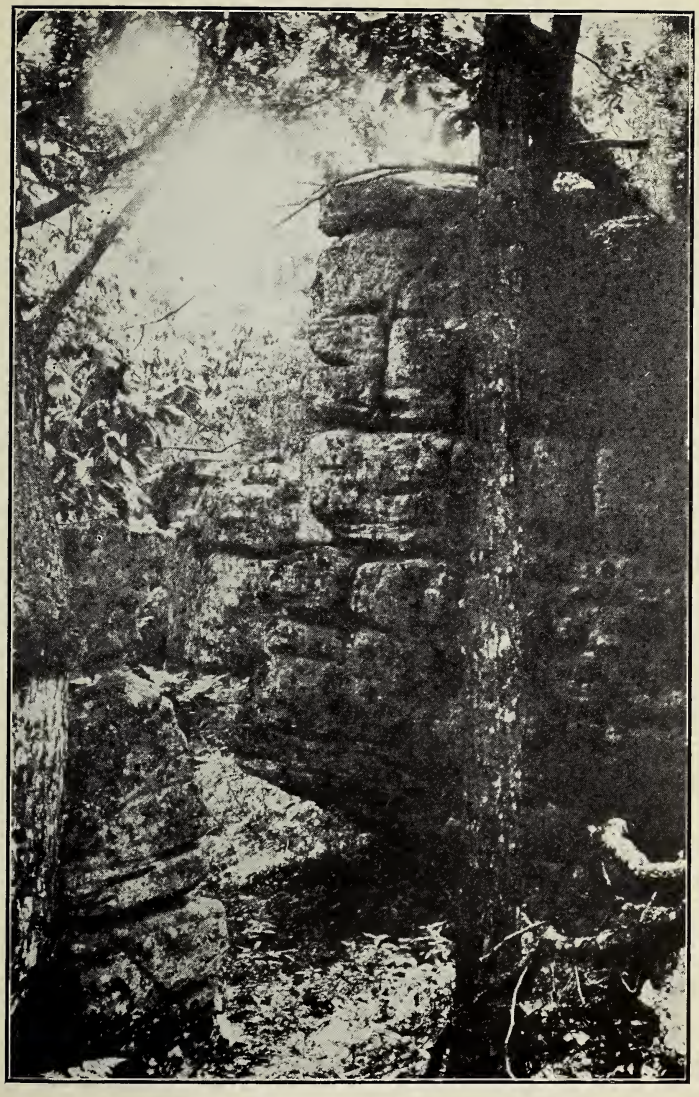


The Sulphur Spring (James Logan's Spring) near Loganton, Clinton County.

I. INTRODUCTION.

WITH Europe barred to American pleasure-seekers, especialy those of moderate means and the better known of our native pleasure-grounds like Niagara Falls, Watkins Glen, The Yellowstone Park and the Grand Canyon visited by all, the time seems nigh when a closer survey be given to secluded regions near at hand, where all the charms of the old world and the new will be found blended in artistic harmony. How to a reach a pleasure-land lying at one's doors, so to speak, gives the opportunity for the preparation of a guide book or tourist's survey, showing in this instance how a vacation can be spent in a single Pennsylvania County, visiting natural wonders and historic spots, as well as breathing as fine air and drinking as pure water as this universe holds. An entire month could be spent in pedestrian rambles in each of the localities described in the following pages, or the same ground can be covered in two weeks in a carriage or on horseback. But don't go by automobile; travel by this deadly, soul destroying machine is fatal to the lover of scenery or the naturalist. It is a pleasure to state that most of the roads in the wilds of Central Pennsylvania are unsuited for automobiles, even Fords, that the writer has traveled for three or four consecutive days without seeing one of these "scoot wagons," realizing that

Eldorado and the automobile are discordant factors. The best way to tour any rustic, retired, picturesque region is on foot, well-shod, and carrying only the necessaries in a "Nessmuk" pack. Unfortunately too few of our nature lovers travel that way; this is an age of hurry, they must tell the number of miles traversed on their excursions, not what they saw. To fully appreciate every vista, every cloud, every bird, every butterfly, every lofty pine, the pedestrian method is supreme. But next to it comes the equestrian method, but seldom used of late in the Pennsylvania wilds, although the State Forestry Department is building many attractive bridle paths across the highest and least frequented mountains. There is an exhilaration to scenery viewed from the back of a good horse that is hard to equal, there are moments of repose on a grassy bank while the horses are nibbling grass nearby, and the sandpipers are teetering in the sedge, and the swallows are skimming over the pond, that must always linger among life's most precious mental images. But if horseback riding is not favored, a close third comes the pleasure of touring in a "Joubert & White" Glens Falls buckboard surrey, well hung, and drawn by a pair of old fashioned long-tailed horses. There is room enough under the seats to carry changes of clothing, besides the cooking utensils with which to prepare the mid-day meal or the supper in the woods. There are "miles to wander," every step filled with fresh scenes, new delights, boundless possibilities, with just enough uncertainties and little adventure to make the quest have a zest that

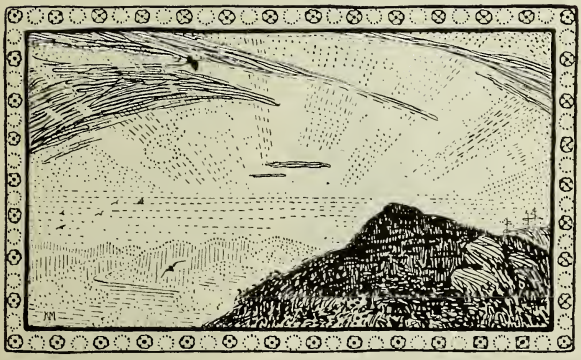


Baretown, near Snow Shoe, Centre County.

raises it in every detail above the commonplace. "See America First" is a slogan we hear many times a day, but where to begin, and how to do it is the question. Let these perplexities be answered in the language of Pennsylvania's Governor, Dr. Martin G. Brumbaugh, "See Pennsylvania first; there is no state like the 'Old Keystone.'" This is a pioneer work, incomplete in many ways. The writer would appreciate suggestions as to scope and method, if it fills a want of any kind among nature lovers or the traveling public, a more ambitious edition might be attempted.

HENRY W. SHOEMAKER.

ALTOONA TRIBUNE OFFICE,
JUNE 20, 1916.







The Round Top, Clinton County.

II. LOCATION.

DR. J. T. ROTHROCK, in "Areas of Desolation in Pennsylvania"—not a very charming title to quote from, but a remarkable little book in its way—states that the area of the Central Pennsylvania wilderness is approximately eighty miles by eighty miles. But these boundaries include much territory that has been ruined by man's rapacity, the lumbermen, the forest fires, the miner, and so on. The area of the most beautiful part of Pennsylvania, the true highlands, is probably a third less than the territory included by Dr. Rothrock. It is large enough for the average busy American, a lifetime would not know it well. It has every foot of ground crowded with spots of scenic or historic moment, it is *"multum in parvo,"* though if one were to stand on top of the Sand Mountain above White Deer Creek, and look to the north, to the south, to the west, to the east, it would seem to be a region boundless in its immensity, a region of forests, with not a single inhabitant. Yet far from that, despite its wildness, its wider valleys may contain many flourishing cities, many richly productive farms, many prosperous districts. The boundaries of the Central Pennsylvania highlands, such as are herein described, may be said to begin at Lewisburg, and extend southwesterly to Hollidaysburg, thence northeast to Drift-

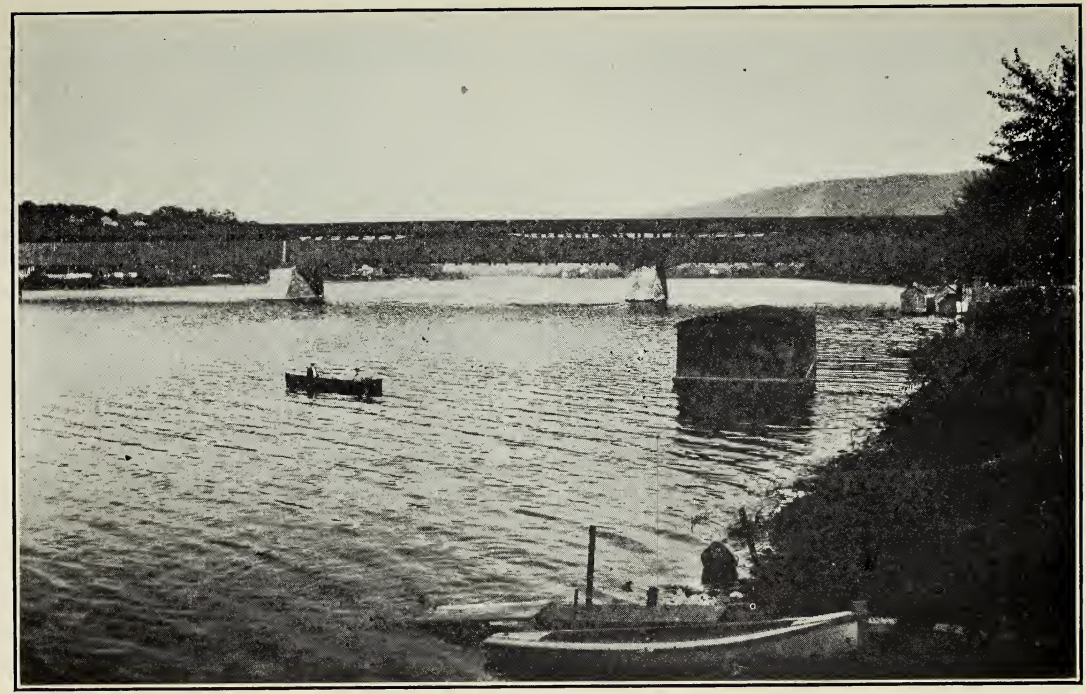
wood, thence east to La Porte, thence southwest to Lewisburg. All outside of that are either "areas of desolation," or combine scenery and attractions which may for the most part be found elsewhere. Within the sections treated in these pages rise most of the sources of the Juniata and the West Branch of the Susquehanna. They skirt the edge of the two highest mountains in the State, the Blue Knob (3160 ft.) and The Bald Knob, (3050 ft.), they include "Eldorado Found," another name for the Seven Mountains and the little valleys which run out from them; they include the only parts of the Black Forest not completely denuded by the lumberman and burned to a crisp by the berry-pickers and fishermen. They include parts of the majestic Alleghenies, the North Mountain, their easterly continuation, the "Birth of the Bald Eagles," where that noble range rises abruptly from the smiling plain near Muncy, the White Deer Mountains, the Nittany Mountains, the White Mountains, the Buffalo Mountains, and last but not least Jack's Mountain, which rising abruptly from a broken country, frowns down upon the ancient town of New Berlin. The Seven Mountains include the Path Valley Mountain, the Short Mountain, the Bald Mountain, the Thick Head, the Sand, the Shade, and the Tussey ranges. Within the Seven Mountains are such wild glens as the Kettle and Detwiler Hollow, where the cruel hand of man cannot drive away the panther. The Seven Mountains lie north of the Juniata, and a considerable dis-



Penn's Cave Hotel, R. P. & H. C. Campbell, Proprietors.

tance south of the West Branch of the Susquehanna. Their wildness and beauty appeal to all who have followed the Long Mountain, one of their "spurs," lying along the horizon, while traveling on the Pennsylvania Railroad between Harrisburg and Altoona. Especially those who have been privileged to witness a sunset behind these noble heights, where seemingly endless lengths of mountain are banked, every tree outlined in bold relief, against masses of rose-pink, purple and golden clouds. This is only part of the glory of the Central Pennsylvania Mountains, "Eldorado Found". The best way to enter the mountain Paradise is from Lewistown (on the south), Lewisburg (in the east), Lock Haven (north), and Altoona (west). The main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad between Harrisburg and Pittsburg skirts it on the south, the Erie Division of the same system runs from its southeast to its northwest borders, the Philadelphia and Reading runs practically parallel with its easterly boundaries. There it can be seen that nature lovers from Pittsburg or the West, from Washington, Philadelphia, Reading, Allentown and New York can find easy access to its fastnesses. If the start is made from Lewisburg by carriage, "Jake" Horam's livery had best supply the conveyances, in cold weather genuine buffalo robes lend an old-time flavor to the equipment. Mr. Horam, who is a courtly and experienced liveryman is well versed on roads, stopping places, etc., and can supply drivers who know every nook and corner for miles around. For

a drive to the North Mountain Country, Berwick, Columbia County makes an ideal starting place. The livery connected with the Morton House, an excellent hostelry, conducted by George Morton, can supply first class equipage and drivers. George Harvey's livery at Muncy is also recommended for tourists to the North Mountain or Lewis' Lake. To visit the "Highlands" from the north a start from Jersey Shore or Lock Haven is advised. "Pete" Leas, dean of the Jersey Shore liverymen, is a good person to deal with at the former place, while in Lock Haven, Paul Ely's livery is well spoken of. For a driving trip in the Seven Mountains from the south, the start can be made from Lewistown or Milroy, where there are several excellent liveries. Saddle horses are everywhere hard to obtain; unless the tourist provides his own mounts, well-broken saddle beasts are almost unobtainable at present; however a demand would soon create a supply of such animals. For walking trips, guides are unnecessary, except in certain locations where historic sites are to be pointed out. These guides are easily obtained, are genial, well posted, and inexpensive. Pedestrians should provide themselves with a Rand-McNally pocket atlas of Pennsylvania, the map is excellent and indispensable. Equally good is the Railway Map of Pennsylvania, edition of 1911, folding copy, published by the Department of Internal Affairs, Harrisburg, that department so ably presided over by the charming "Uncle Henry" Houck. At nightfall accommodations can



Old Covered Bridge, Lock Haven, Clinton County.

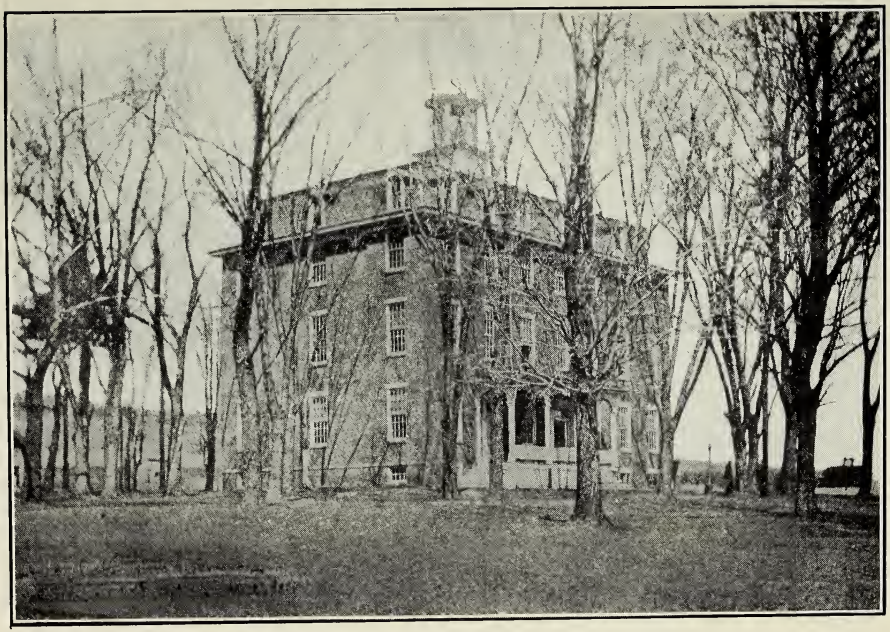
always be found at country hotels, farm houses, or lumber camps,—at the present time inns of individuality are lacking,—and in the "dry counties" the cooking and accommodations are abominable. This is written by a local option enthusiast, but the truth must be told. To camp on the State Lands, which embrace most of the attractive locations in the wilder parts of the "Highlands," a permit issued gratis by the Forestry Department at Harrisburg is required. The Department also leases permanent camp sites, thus bringing the wilderness within the reach of nature lovers in moderate circumstances.



III. CLINTON COUNTY.

Its Mountains—Their Altitude—Driving Roads—Bridle Paths—Fire Roads—McElhattan Springs—Logan's Path—The Sulphur Springs—Zeller's Spring—Sugar Valley—The Black Gap—Green's Gap—Zimmerman's —Tunis' Gap—Hope Valley—Flat Rock—Otzinachson Park—Fort Horn—Declaration of Independence—Graves of Peter Grove and Peter Pentz—Pipsisseway's Mountain—Pipsisseway's Pine—The Buffalo Path—Falls of the McElhattan—Trout Streams—Sunrise at North Bend—Lumbering—Kettle Creek—Lock Haven.

CLINTON COUNTY may justly be called "The Hub" of the Central Pennsylvania Highlands. Radiating out from the West Branch of the Susquehanna which bisects it, are the numerous streams, the picturesque valleys and the lofty mountains which gave the charm and thrill to this enchanting region. Some of the highest mountains in the state are in Clinton County, some of the best bridle paths and footpaths, besides the State Forestry Department has constructed a series of fire-roads which bring every section of the wilderness within easy access of the tourist. Most of these fire-roads are equipped with neatly painted sign boards directing travellers to camp sites, springs and mountain passes. If the traveller leaves the P. R. R. at McElhattan Station two routes open out before him: to the north



The Old Academy, New Berlin, Union County.

the West Branch is crossed by a modern iron bridge a quarter of a mile from the station, where a state road leads to the flourishing manufacturing village of Woolrich, situated on the banks of Chatham's Run. A good road leads from there through the gorge of the Allegheny Mountains to Springer's, a favorite resort for hunters and fishermen on the summit near the heading of Chatham's Run. The old farmhouse, with the bright-berried mountain ash tree before the door, reminiscent of a hospice in the Alps, was unfortunately destroyed by fire in 1914, but has been replaced with a smaller dwelling. Travellers are well received by "Mother" Springer, a native of Wurttemberg, Germany, and her son, John, and his affable wife. The meals served by the Springers are proverbially good. The Springer home stands at the juncture of the road from Woolrich and the Jersey Shore-Coudersport Pike, which leads in a N. W. direction to Haneyville. At Haneyville a road to S. E. through a grove of white pines leads down Pine Bottom Run, a wild glen with good trout fishing, to the waters of Tiadaghton. At Haneyville the S. E. road leads to Henry Campbell's sawmill, on the waters of Lick Run, a fine trout stream, thence three miles east to the gate of Otzinachson Park. This game park which is of about 3,000 acres is enclosed by a wire fence thirteen feet high, built in 1899 by that splendid sportsman, George S. Good, of Lock Haven, who died in 1914. In this park a number of unsuccessful experiments at game propagation have been

tried. The club controlling the park has sixteen members, among them some of the wealthiest men in the state. Chauncey E. Logue, the present gamekeeper is a noted bear hunter, having killed twenty bears in twenty years. Following the "Pike" N. W. from Haneyville, the Pump Station of the Standard Oil Pipe Line which runs from Olean, New York, to Bayonne, New Jersey, is sometimes visited by belated travellers, but no regular accommodations are provided. The buildings standing on the bleak, treeless, fire swept mountain top remind one strangely of the Great Saint Bernard Hospice in the Alps. S. W. of the Pump Station a road leads down to the waters of Kettle Creek and Ole Bull's Castle. A road branches off to the north to Germania, a quaint village, settled by Germans sixty years ago. Continuing on the Pike, through a desolated region, the traveller eventually reaches Coudersport, said to be named for one Coudert, a French gentleman, and the seat of justice of Potter County. About Coudersport some grand timber still remains, especially in the Six Mile Hollow and on Sweden Hill. These points make a visit to this locality well worth while. South of Coudersport is the quaint town of Roulette, also in Potter County, famed as the home of Le Roy Lyman, born 1821, died 1886, slayer of 5,000 head of big game in the Pennsylvania forests. Edwin Grimes, born 1830, a veteran wolf and bear hunter, resides at Roulette. He has many interesting anecdotes to relate of the old days in which big game



A Deer Hunters' Camp in the Pennsylvania Highlands.

was so plentiful that it was considered a nuisance. Le Roy Lyman's son, Milo Lyman, resides at Roulette, and shows to interested persons his father's diary describing his exploits with the big game. He has a fine collection of deer horns in his library which are a charming reminder of his illustrious father, the mighty Nimrod. At the foot of the hill, after descending from the Pike in the direction of Ole Bull's castle is Cartee Camp, formerly New Bergen, the site selected by the great Norwegian for the "capital" of his colony. A few of the log houses and barns built by the Norwegian colonists are still standing. Tourists are accommodated at Charles Schreibner's farmhouse, at Cartee Camp. Mr. Schreibner, who is a Bohemian by birth, came to New Bergen during Ole Bull's time, and states that the Norwegians suffered greatly from the *cold of the Pennsylvania winters*. Back of the Schreibner homestead is the seemingly perpendicular face of a huge hill which was cleared by Mr. Schreibner individually and is kept in a good state of cultivation by him. Cartee Camp received its name from General John Cartee, one of the early pioneers of Potter County, but the name New Bergen had better been left untouched for sentimental reasons. South of Ole Bull's castle a well-graded road leads to Cross Fork, an abandoned lumbering town, now used as a headquarters for wealthy sportsmen, as the grouse and woodcock shooting here is excellent. Leading to Renovo, a busy railroad town on the Erie Division of the P. R. R.

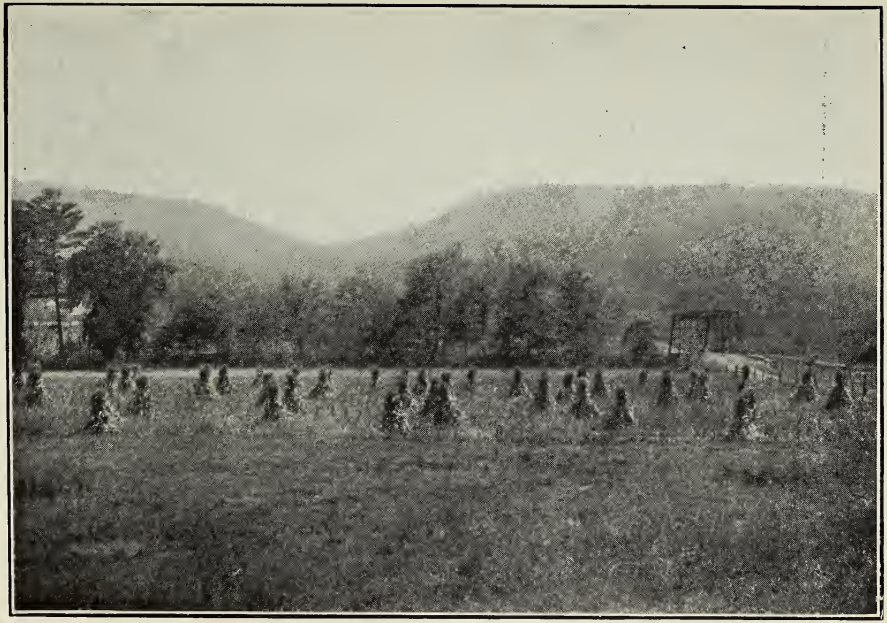
there is a road across the mountains where some grand scenery is witnessed: this route comes out at the mouth of Drury's Run. A stop should be made at the famous Tamarack swamp, where several varieties of tree indigenous to more northerly localities are found. (See the writer's "More Pennsylvania Mountain Stories" Reading, 1912). From Cross Fork the main road leads down Kettle Creek, a denuded region, utterly barren and cheerless. The lumber was taken out so rapidly that the population was left behind without occupations, and as they cannot sell their farms, their condition is not a cheerful one. Formerly the farmers all lumbered a little in the winter months to help with their living expenses but the wealthy Buffalo lumber kings cleaned out the whole region in a few years, leaving the native population like clams at low tide. Westport, formerly a lively lumber town, is at the mouth of Kettle Creek, on the Erie Division of the P. R. R., and several miles west of Renovo. East of Renovo is North Bend, formerly Young Woman's Town, built at the mouth of Young Woman's Creek. This fine stream received its name from Mary Wolford, a beautiful pioneer girl who was drowned in the creek while escaping from Indians who were taking her as a captive to Chief Bald Eagle about 1779. (See the writer's "Black Forest Souvenirs," Reading, 1914.) The upper reaches and tributaries of Young Woman's Creek contain good trout fishing, but the lower part is either fished out or polluted by manufactories. Ac-



JIM JACOBS,
a Pennsylvanian Indian, Renowned as "The Seneca Bear Hunter."

cording to O. Adolphe Shurr, a well known Clinton County sportsman, wild pigeons nested at the head of Young Woman's Creek as late as 1892. On the table land about Young Woman's Town a colony of New Church followers was planted about 1885. It was flourishing when the writer first visited this locality with Thomas G. Simcox, the noted hunter and prospector in 1899. It was there that the author witnessed a wonderful sunrise, the like of which he has never seen on the North American continent. The mountain peaks, jutting up through the clouds resembled wooded islands in some trackless sea. Out in the east the red light of the new day seemed rising out of the fleecy ocean. The most noticeable "island" was the pinnacle of Hyner Mountain, the highest peak in Clinton County; others (to the North) were Dyke's Peak and Savage Mountain, which are close rivals for the palm of being the loftiest Clinton County summits. If the tourist wishes to follow a southerly route from McElhattan, the road leads in the direction of the wild and well-wooded McElhattan Gap, which commences 1¼ miles from the railway station. Before starting for the mountains a visit should be paid to the "Indian Monument," a stone wigwam built to mark the locality of the capital of Pipsisseway, the great war chief of the Susquehannocks, who flourished about 1635. The monument stands on the river bank about one-half mile Northeast of the Pennsylvania Railroad station. This Indian metropolis was said to have

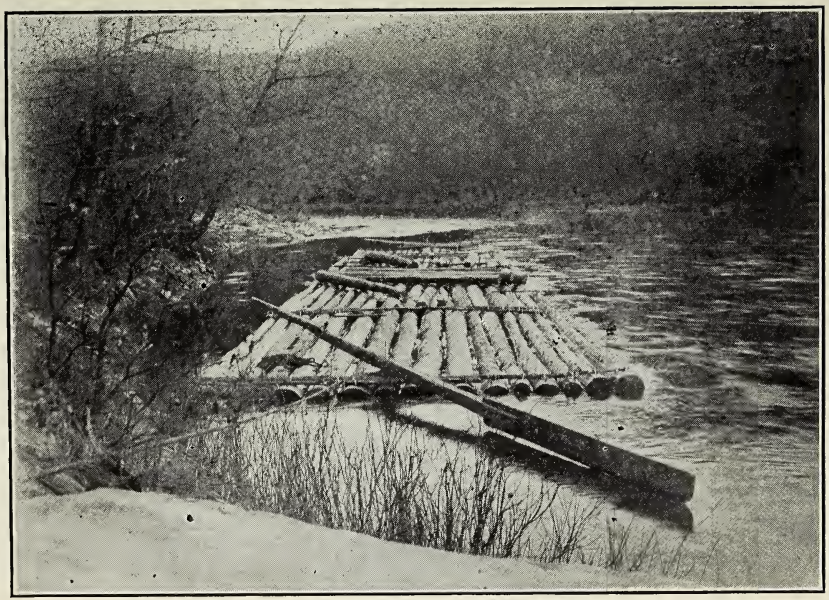
contained 1,500 inhabitants. Indian arrow-heads, deer skinners, celts, etc., are frequently found, and several stone hearths used by the redmen are clearly discernable. The graves were situated on a small rise between the lowland and the line of the P. R. R. One-half mile east of the Indian monument is the old brick house, built 1808, the birthplace of Colonel James Williams Quiggle, LL. D., one of Clinton County's most distinguished sons. He was successsively Deputy Attorney General, State Senator, Lieutenant Colonel on Governor Packer's staff, Consul-General at Antwerp and Charge d'Affaires at Brussels in Belgium. During the Civil War he conveyed a message from President Lincoln to General Garibaldi, the Italian patriot, inviting him to become a Major General of Cavalry in the Union Army. Colonel Quiggle died in 1878 and a fine granite monument to his memory stands in the old Quiggle burial ground one mile east of the Quiggle homestead. The old Quiggle farm and several others now are included in the 600 acre model farm, "Meadow Sweet Farms," owned by James L. Miller, a prosperous railroad contractor of Lock Haven. These farms, always noted for their fertility, once formed a part of the dowry of Princess Meadow Sweet, a Lenni Lenape maiden, who was wooed and married by the great war chief of the Susquehannock's Pipsisseway. It was here that her ladies in waiting tilled her fields of melons, pumpkins, sweet potatoes and Indian corn, the produce of which belonged exclusively to the winsome



Zerby Gap, Centre County, the Best Route to Decker Valley.

Indian bride. Meadow Sweet died about 1680; her grave is said to have been visited by William Penn during his canoe trip up the West Branch in September, 1700. Most of the domain "Meadow Sweet" was owned by ancestors of Mr. Miller, the present owner, and he has the unbroken chain of title from the date of Meadow Sweet's marriage to Pipsisseway in 1635 to the present time. The modern, up-to-date farm buildings, labor saving machinery, and well tilled fields gave the Meadow Sweet estate an appearance not soon forgotten; it is the garden spot of Clinton County, and a fitting memorial to the Indian queen who was so proud of these broad and fruitful acres of alluvial soil. Northeast of the old Quiggle burial ground, now opened for general interments, is a granite monument marking the site of Fort Horn, scene of the Fort Horn Declaration of Independence, drawn up and signed by early settlers or Fair Play Men on July 4, 1776. The frontiersmen, fearing that the Continental Congress would fail to cut loose from the British Yoke, assembled at the stockade of Samuel Horn and declared themselves no longer bound by the foreign overlords. The document, written in the back pages of a family Bible, is said to have been buried in the stockade in an iron-bound chest. (See the author's "Susquehanna Legends," Reading, 1913.) One-eighth mile south of McElhattan station of main road to mountains is "The Cedars," the commodious residence of John H. Chatham (born 1847), the "Bard of Central Pennsylvania." Visitors are reminded to

make the acquaintance of this remarkable and gifted gentleman, whose sweet songs have won him just renown. One-half mile south from the station are the "X roads," with "The Crossways," the residence of Hon. James C. Quiggle, only son of late Colonel James W. Quiggle, and himself a retired U. S. Consular official. By following the "State Road" west three-fourths mile to Youngdale Station, on New York Central railroad, thence Southeast one-fourth mile, concrete monument erected to mark site of Wayne Township Camp-meeting Grounds, 1869-1889, will be seen. This monument, dedicated on Labor Day, 1913, recalls the days of this great resort, famed alike in the religious and social life of the West Branch Valley. Until destroyed by the disastrous flood of 1889, the Wayne Camp Grounds were visited annually by tens of thousands of people—some tenting in attractive cottages in the woods from June until September. One-half mile west from Youngdale Station, on "mountain road" to Castanea, a suburb of Lock Haven, is seen a concrete marker at giant oak tree, recently erected to mark the original corner of the survey of what is now Wayne Township, Clinton County, made by James Lukens, Surveyor General, in 1769. One-half mile south of residence of Hon. James C. Quiggle, on road to mountains, is a marble monument marking the proximity to a black oak tree (blown down in 1891) which was the favorite resting place of James Logan, or Tah-Gah-Jute, the famous Mingo Chief and orator. This gifted Indian



The Last Raft on the West Branch.
(Photo by Fred C. Miller, Karthaus.)

was fond of following the redskin's path, now the road to McElhattan Springs, and thence through the pass to the Sulphur Spring at Loganton, there to take a treatment for stomach disorders. On his way he often rested under the black oak above described, and was seen thus on several occasions by Peter Pentz, the noted border scout. Peter Pentz, who died in 1812, and is said by some to be buried in Nippenose Valley, where the United States Government has erected a marker over his grave, was one of the greatest Indian fighters of his day. One tradition is that with James Logan he was a rival for the hand of Jura McEvoy, a white girl adopted in infancy by Hyloshotkee, a peaceable old chief who lived at McElhattan Springs. The girl secretly married Pentz, to the anger of Logan, but soon after giving birth to a boy known as Peter Pentz, Jr., she disappeared; whether she ran away with or was kidnapped by Logan is not certain. Several years later Pentz met Logan at Zeller's Spring, in Sugar Valley, and demanded to know the whereabouts of Jura. Logan gave an evasive reply, whereupon Pentz raised his rifle and in the scuffle the Indian was shot through the hip and fell in the spring, where he nearly drowned. Ever afterwards Logan had to suffer the mortification of lameness. The mountain on east side of McElhattan Gap is sometimes called Mount Jura, while the towering height on the west side, the highest point between Lock Haven and Northumberland, is known as Mount Logan. For another version of this legend

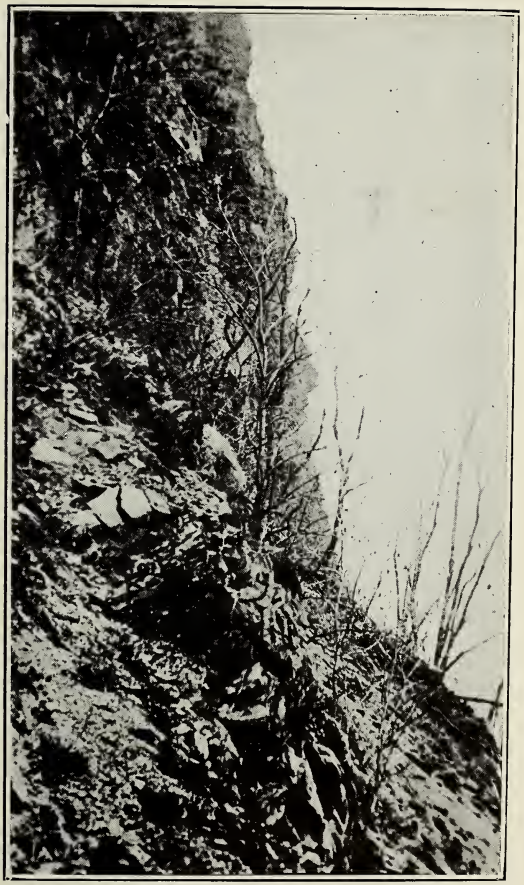
see the author's "Early Potters of Clinton County," Altoona, 1917. One of Hyloshotkee's sons, "William Pine," married Vashti McElhattan, daughter of William McElhattan, a canny Ulster Scot who settled at the mouth of McElhattan Run in 1771. He remained there until 1778, when he left in the Great Runaway. He did not return and is said to have died in Kentucky. The five springs at Hyloshotkee's old camp-ground are nicely kept, and many persons from Lock Haven and Jersey Shore repair there on clear Sundays and holidays to enjoy the waters and rest under the tall trees. A small zoological garden is maintained at the Park, also a refreshment stand conducted by J. Earl Phillips and a private shooting gallery. There are many attractive paths, resting benches and rustic bridges in various parts of the park. One mile south of the Park is the intake dam where the city of Lock Haven secures its water supply. Near the intake dam is the steep path across the southeast slope of Mount Logan to Nittany Valley. It is a favorite with local Alpinists and was once a wolf path. At the confluence to the McElhattan and Spring Runs, one mile south of intake dam, follow road due south along McElhattan Run to where a view, to west, of High Rocks can be obtained. On the top of these high, rocky promontories an Indian chief named Hononwah is said to have been slain by Simeon Snyder, a young settler whose family was murdered by this savage. (See the writer's "Pennsylvania Mountain Stories," Bradford, Pa., 1907.)



The Cross on the Rock.
(Photo by Rev. W. W. Sholl, Rebersburg.)

One mile south from the "High Rocks" the traveler comes to the justly celebrated falls of McElhattan Run. Here the two branches of this fine trout stream break over a cliff forty feet high, falling into a basin of foam and rainbows. An Indian fort or stockade is said to have stood over these falls. (See the author's "More Pennsylvania Mountain Stories," Reading, 1912.) From the Falls of McElhattan Run a good road leads East to Loganton, three miles. West of the Falls is the celebrated fruit orchard New Florida, laid out by a wealthy promoter, Hon. William Poorman, some forty years ago. At Loganton a stop is generally made at the Logan House, which gained its great reputation as a hostelry under the successive managements of the Coles, father and son, and Sheriff H. G. Milnor. One-fourth mile north of the Logan House, on the main road to Pine Station is the Sulphur Spring, once the favored retreat of the persecuted James Logan. East of Loganton three miles is Booneville, a settlement made by a brother of Daniel Boone, who dropped out of the family caravan, Kentuckyward, and made a home in this remote Central Pennsylvania valley. At Booneville an old fashioned camp meeting is still held during two Sundays in August, which is attended by vast throngs of mountaineers. However, since the cutting of most of the timber about the camp grounds, the affair has lost much of its picturesqueness. East three miles further is Tylersville, home of the Schreckengast family of big game hunters, of whom Franklin

Schreckengast, aged 77 years, is still living. Philip Schreckengast was the greatest hunter in the family, and killed 93 wolves. Further east the valley narrows into Little Sugar Valley, and Fishing Creek cuts through the gorge, in one of the most delightful regions in our Highlands. This is called Colby's Gap from a mountaineer family murdered there in 1888. In the great mountain which rises east of the scene of the crime are numerous "air holes"—an Indian traitor is said to be entombed alive in one of these "bottomless pits," cursed with perpetual life. (See the author's "Pennsylvania Mountain Stories.") From Loganton northeast there is an excellent road to Lock Haven by way of Salona and Mill Hall. It is now traversed by a motor bus. On the way a fine view of the majestic Flat Rock Mountain is obtained. So high is this mountain that it forms a part of every view, even from the extreme eastern end of Clinton County, and from Sand Mountain in Union County. At Booneville a road to the south leads through Green Burr Gap into Brush Valley. This road is fine from a scenic point of view, passing by a torrent with several waterfalls. At Loganton a road to the south leads to Bull Run Gap, and thence over the summit into Stover's Gap in Brush Valley. On this summit a road leads into Hope Valley, thence by bridle path and trail to the headwaters of White Deer Creek and through Tunis Gap to the wild and romantic Black Gap. Fire roads, bridle paths and trails, lead in all directions in this most fascinating pleasure ground.



Profile of Shikellemus, on Blue Hill,
near Sunbury.

There are permanent camps erected by hunters on the state lands at McCall's Dam and Crab Apple, two attractive spots on White Deer Creek. East of the Black Gap is the high rugged mountain known as the Falsbarg, where Daniel Mark, born 1835, saw the last wolf in Sugar Valley, a gaunt grey monster, about 1870. From the Black Gap an excellent road leads through Chadwick's Gap, past a fine patch of original white pine trees of great height, by the forest ranger's new house, and into the trim village of Eastville. Many hunters start out from there in the Fall, Emmanuel Beck being a favorite guide with those going in quest of deer. Brungard's General Store makes a specialty of supplies for hunting and fishing parties, who desire to camp in the forests. North of Eastville, on the "summer side" of the valley is the residence of Edgar Austin Schwenk, also a noted guide for deer hunters, and famed far and wide for the red bear which he slew on the Buffalo Path on November 29, 1912. East of the Schwenk residence, at the juncture with the highway from Eastville is the old Barner homestead, where lived Henry Barner, mighty panther hunter of the old days. A short distance further east the main route to White Deer Valley is joined by the road from Rauch's Gap and the Summit country. We now come to the village of Carroll, until lately a prosperous lumbering community, but now left stranded by the "cleaning up" of the country at the hands of the rapacious loggers. The highway from Carroll north to Bixel's Church is very pic-

turesque, and from there to Green Grove Church, even more so. Midway between Bixel's Church and Green Grove on the roadside stands a mammoth original white pine, "all its graceful companions gone," yet spared in some mysterious way by the grasping lumbermen. This is Pipsisseway's Pine, about which many a legend is woven. It is said that whoever tries to cut this tree is seized with sudden instability of mind or extreme nausea, and while the heavy bark is considerably nicked, the grand old tree still weathers the storms. May it continue to do so for many a year to come! (See the author's "In the Seven Mountains," Reading, 1914.) Green Grove Church is a deserted Esherite Church, with a queer and eerie atmosphere about, and a sparsely tenanted graveyard behind it, commanding a view of a vast expanse of mountainous country. A steep hill to the north leads down to the old Rockey homestead with its fine pond of water, where the trout jump and the swallows skim most every fine afternoon—spotted sandpipers breed in the low meadows nearby—a most attractive spot where travelers are occasionally entertained. East of Rockey's road leads into the Kalbfleish Hollow, and thence into Rauch Gap, a fine, wild gorge, but much marred by recent forest fires. West from Rockey's the road leads to Hopple Hollow, while another road branching off to the north joins the road from Loganton to Lock Haven (via Salona), a mile west of Rosecrans. On this northerly road lives Jasper Bower, an old time deer hunter, who has several fine sets of stag



Scenery on Quinn's Run, Clinton County.

horns at his home, including a set of "shovel horns" or palmated antlers, of curious form. Bower acts as guide to hunting parties in the Fall and is a good conscientious man. East from Carroll the White Deer Turnpike leads to Tea Springs, near the headwaters of Fishing Creek. Here Forest Ranger Welshans makes his home in a fine house. East of the forester's house the road leads three miles to the north to Zimmerman's. This famous stopping place has dispensed hospitality for over half a century. Situated in an elbow of the mountains, about 2,200 feet above sea level, it is an ideal sanatorium for the care-laden or those in ill health. Dave Zimmerman's smile is proverbial, the ruddy lights in the window as one approaches at nightfall are guarantees of a cheery welcome. "Zimmerman's," as this highland inn is affectionately called, is a favorite resort for hunters, fishermen and tourists; it is the *ne plus ultra* of the Central Pennsylvania Mountains. Here many of the great local hunters often congregate, among them the genial Clement Herlacher, the catamount hunter, who for years has been a terror to various species of the wild feline race in the Pennsylvania highlands; it was he who robbed the panther nests in Treaster Valley, Mifflin County, of their cubs in 1892 and 1893. Good beds, good food, excessive cleanliness, unvarying courtesy, characterize the Zimmerman establishment. The writer will never forget several nights spent recently at this rare spot. At sunset he would climb to the top of the ridge back of the Zimmerman home

to watch the sunset behind the Bald Eagle Mountain, and the glories of the afterglow on the rugged Fourth Gap. Then returning, he would look down on the remote farmhouse, the rosy lights gleaming in the windows, like a beacon in the wilderness. The peepers and a few frogs were chorusing, with the appearance of the new horned moon in the pale gold sky a whippoorwill burst into song. Anon, the family watch dog barked shrilly in the cold night air. One night the writer was awakened by a dog tonguing a deer on Tea Knob, on the opposite side of Zimmerman's Run from the homestead, a wierd, unearthly sound, and the pity of it to disturb the deer which are trying so hard to feel at home in our mountains. Digression perhaps, but every dog running deer should be shot, no matter whom the canine belongs to, even if he is the head political boss of the county! And this from the pen of a lover of dogs, of good, decent dogs. A few weeks before the writer's last visit Zimmerman found the leg of a deer on Pine Knob, which had been evidently torn off by some vicious cur. It is said that dogs belonging to State Forest officials are guilty of tonguing deer. From Zimmerman's there is a good road northward to the Dutch End, thence to Rauch's Gap. Lovers of scenery are recommended to climb Tea Knob if they wish to see the true glory of the Central Pennsylvania Highlands. Also to climb Pine Knob and Buck Knob, and the Haystack, where Martin Blue, a boy of sixteen years, killed four black bears in 1870. Then the



Old Ferry at Mouth of Moshannon, Clearfield County.

climber can feel *he is* in Eldorado Found, such a grand free reach for eyes used to buildings and books! East of Zimmerman's the road by Pine Knob leads into the White Deer Pike. It is an interesting drive to White Deer Furnace, twelve miles, though marred by the ruin of recent forest fires. Near White Deer Furnace are the famous Clam Bake Springs, once a popular resort for picnickers but now reduced to a desert since the timber has been removed. Four miles northeast of Zimmerman's road the road to Spruce Run Valley, by way of Rattling Gap, is well worth traveling; after reaching Spruce Run Valley, with its trim farms, fine views of Buffalo Valley, Jack's Mountain, and New Berlin Mountains in the dim distance are obtained. South of Zimmerman's a section of Buffalo Path "where the vanished millions trod" in their migrations between the Great Lakes and Georgia is now used as a fire road and hunters' path. In the depths of the forest, on Buffalo Path Run, the traversed road runs on the opposite side of the creek from the Buffalo Path, and for about a furlong the bison's trail in its original condition can be seen. Here after the storms of a century and a quarter the indentations of the giants' hoofs are still discernible. A hemlock tree rubbed by the passing bison stood until about thirty years ago, when it was felled by the Pardee lumbering operations. The path led across Buffalo Valley, through Middle Creek Valley, over Shade Mountain, through the pass below Beaver Springs, along the east side of

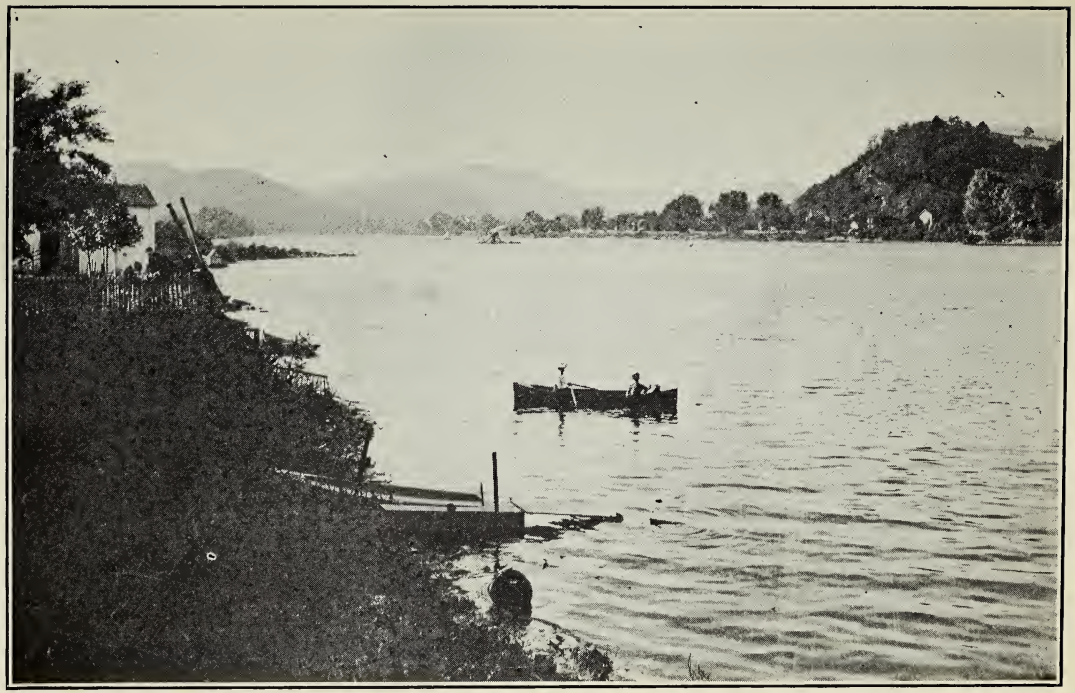
Shade Mountain, through Shade Gap, and thence southward. "Jake" Zimmerman shows the path to visitors, and it is well worth a pilgrimage by any student of natural history. Northeast of Zimmerman's five miles is Green's Gap in Nittany Mountain. It was here that occurred in February, 1801, the last Indian massacre in the State of Pennsylvania. Indian marauders had burned buildings and stolen cattle in the West Branch and Juniata Valleys to such an extent that Captain Harry Green, formerly of Milton, and four companions pursued the fugitives across the mountains to Farrandsville, above Lock Haven. On the way back they camped for the night in Green's Gap. It was there that they were ambushed by the redmen who had followed them back and butchered with no quarter. The howling of wolves who fought over the remains attracted some of the settlers to the spot and uncovered the tragedy. A handsome marker has been erected on the public road to call attention to this sad event, which somehow or other escaped getting into history. There are still to be seen the old wolf dens in Green's Gap, where the wolves bred up to the time of Jake Zimmerman's father, David Zimmerman, who was born in 1821, and moved to Tea Springs about 1845. Dave Zimmerman, who in his day killed 600 deer, died in 1899. Reuben McCormick, 88 years old, who married one of David Zimmerman's sisters, recalls the killing of eleven wolves one winter in White Deer gorge, near the Buffalo Path, including one snow white wolf.



View of Lock Haven, Showing Indian Island.

This white wolf was said to be a "devil" and bear a charmed life, but a silver bullet laid him low. (See the author's "Wolf Days in Pennsylvania," Altoona, 1914.) The scenery about Lock Haven is unusual and picturesque. In the river a short distance above the town is Indian Island, said to contain the graves of the great war chief of the Susquehannock's, Pipsisseway and his queen, Meadow Sweet. North of the town fronts Mount Pipsisseway, "the mountain that the sun sets back of," with the West Branch cutting its way through at its feet. Beyond this great mountain is Farrandsville, where the fine trout stream Lick Run empties into the Susquehanna. There is a romantic trail called the "Carrier Road," an old time "short cut" between the river and the Coudersport Pike that starts a short distance up Lick Run from Farrandsville and is well worthy of following. On the west side of the river from Farrandsville are many summer cottages occupied by persons from Lock Haven. On the hill back of these cottages was a cave which contained ice all summer long until destroyed by the construction of a new carriage road in the Spring of 1899. 'Scootac Run empties into the Susquehanna near here; it is a fine stream, and near its head the deserted town of Revelton stands. It has an unusual romantic history. (See the writer's "Black Forest Souvenirs," Reading, 1914.) East of Farrandsville three miles Quinn's Run, now called "Queen's Run," empties into the Susquehanna. The scenery on that stream is fine, clear to the headwaters.

Several fishing clubs have club houses along its wooded banks. At Dunnsburg, east of Lock Haven, is the grave of Peter Grove, perhaps the greatest borderer in Central Pennsylvania, who died in 1802. He is the hero of many a winter's tale, most of them true, for he was an implacable foe of the red race. At Grove Run, near the border of Cameron County, he is said to have leaped literally from the mountain top across the Sinnemahoning to escape his savage pursuers, and escaped. (A good pen picture of this great frontiersman is given in the appendix of John F. Meginness' great book "History of the Otzinachson Valley," Williamsport, 1889.) Trout streams are very abundant in Clinton County, forests still cover 28 per cent. of its total area, game is as abundant as anywhere in the United States (but that is not saying much), there is considerable lumbering being done. Much history was made on Clinton County's hills and in its valleys, Indians lingered longer within its borders, it has a charm for the lover of the wilds that no section of country of its size can excel. In the gorge of Curts's Run, west of Fort Horn monument, is the celebrated Spook Hollow. Here is a spot that has all manner of weird tales woven about it. It is a wild, silent retreat, overgrown with rhododendron and grape vines, and contains some fine white pine and oak timber. The headless ghost of lieutenant Gaston Bushong, a French officer in charge of a trading post which antedated Fort Horn by half a century, and who was murdered by Indians, is said to wander about Spook



The West Branch, Near Chatham's Run, Clinton County.

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Hollow at midday, hunting for his missing head, thrown into the river by the savages. (See the writer's "Pennsylvania Mountain Verses," Bradford, 1907.) East of Fort Horn the "river road" leads by the brick residence of late Major W. H. Sour, on whose farm was located the Indian town of Tishimingo. Arrow heads, pipes and other curious relics are found in this vicinity. At Pine Station, one mile east of Fort Horn, the road crosses the P. R. R. tracks and proceeds south, passing the site of the old Pine Camp Grounds, now much dilapidated, and the adjoining woods badly cut away by lumbermen, thence goes up a steep hill known as the "Toboggan," and continues along the face of the mountain, giving fine views down into the gorge, several hundred feet, and of the opposite mountain, the Round Top. Another path runs from the Camp Grounds through the bottom of the gorge, following the waters of Henry Run, a most excellent trout stream. Near the head of Henry Run, the "wolf rocks," dens of the wolves in the old days are shown. The path there joins the fire-line and after a steep climb connects with the mountain road above mentioned. Several cleared fields are hereabouts, relics of the fine Hamilton farm of other years. "Billy" Hamilton, who resided on this farm, was of a studious turn of mind and a handsome sun dial stood in his yard. A road to the west passes the home of the Simcox brothers, noted guides and hunters, and connects with the road to the Falls of McElhattan Run. Continuing south on the main road past the

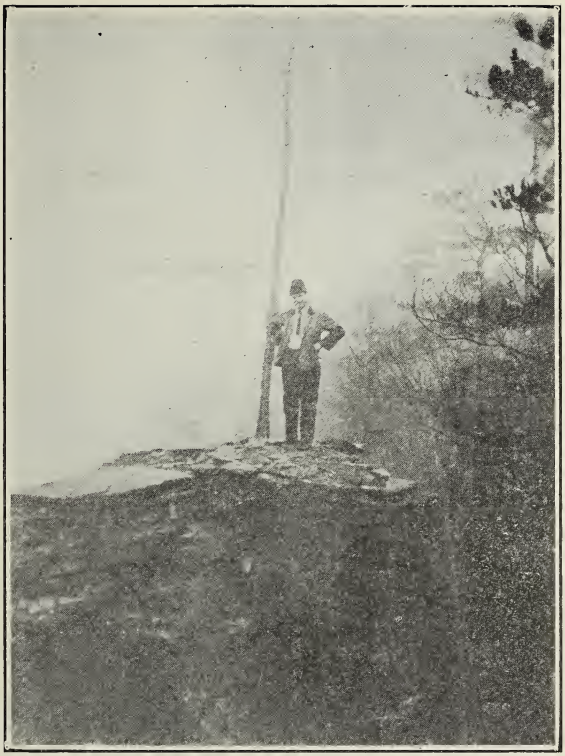
deserted Hamilton place one-half mile a trail to the left is noticed. It is called the "Switches" and is an old lumber road but now reduced to the dimensions of a Bridle Path. Following it five miles southeast it culminates in a wild glen called Panther Hollow, a favorite resort for picnic parties, and has a fine spring of water. Following the main road southward one mile from the "Switches" is the home of Christian Bixel (1834-1916), one of the pioneers of the neighborhood who came to this rocky mountain top at the time of the Civil War and cleared a fine farm. When asked, shortly before his death, how he accomplished such wonders in one short lifetime, he replied, "A man can do anything if he will and he must." Mr. Bixel was a native of Bern, Switzerland. One mile south of the Bixel farm is the road to Nippenose Valley (to east). There is much fine scenery all through this section. Following the main road Mt. Zion church is passed, near where resided for many years the famous trapper and hunter, Sam Motter. The main road continues until joining the road from Lock Haven at Rosecrans, and runs from thence into Loganton. The distance from Pine to Loganton is given as eight miles. Crossing the river bridge at McElhattan, and following the north bank of the Susquehanna east one mile the village of Chatham's Run is reached. Here is shown the home of Jacob Huff (1850-1910), "the Philosopher of the West Branch Valley," a writer who was known to legions of readers under the pen names of "Faraway



"Jimmy" O'Donnell's Skidway near Falls of McElhattan Run, 1901.

Moses," "Jake Haiden" and "Finnicky Finucane." The widow occupies the home, which contains many relics of the gifted author and humanitarian. Huff was born in "Hardscrabble," a wild glen about three miles west of Chatham's Run. His best known books were "Songs from the Desert," Williamsport, 1895, and a posthumous volume of essays, "Philosophy of Jake Haiden," Reading, 1911. A handsome tabernacle devoted to outdoor services, secular and religious, was dedicated to his memory at McElhattan Springs in July, 1915. The labor for the erection of this edifice was given gratis by former friends of the great writer. One mile west of McElhattan Station is Linwood cemetery, a beautiful spot which contains a handsome Soldiers' Monument, erected in 1900 through the enterprise of Mrs. Anna S. Stabley, of McElhattan. Like the Indian monument at "Lochabar" it is one of the columns of the old State Capitol at Harrisburg. Wayne Township, in which McElhattan is situated, has always been noted for its patriotism. Out of a population of 550 souls, it sent 55 soldiers to the front in the Civil War. South of Linwood Cemetery, 100 yards across the P. R. R. tracks is Union Cemetery, which contains the graves of John Q. Dyce (1830-1904) and Thomas G. Simcox (1840-1914), noted hunters, raftsmen and recounters of legends of the old days. Ferns are abundant all through Clinton County, many different varieties, some of them pronounced rare by the naturalist, S. N. Rhoads, being found even by the rural roadsides.

The fresh sprouts of the bracken are much appreciated by the mountaineers in the month of May, being cooked and eaten much like asparagus. The shoots of the milkweed are also regarded a great delicacy. The history of lumbering in the State was exemplified in its different stages in Clinton County. At first the logs were taken to mills run by water power on sledges drawn by oxen during the winter months, then came the rafting to Marietta, and points further south—the most picturesque period of this wasteful industry. Then came the era of the booms at Lock Haven and Williamsport when the logs were cut on hill sides adjacent to the rivers and rolled into the water to be carried to the mill towns during high water. That was the day of the *bateau,* the *ark,* the *log-jam,* broken by releasing the *key-log,* and many other well remembered features. With the diminishing of the available supply clever New Englanders constructed splash dams in the mountain streams carrying the timber from the distant gorges to the rivers. Finally little timber remained except what was distant from streams. Then came the day of the narrow gauge railway which could worm its way to the tops of the highest and most arid mountains, and the last great stands of timber in Warren County, in the Divide of Clearfield County, the whole of the Black Forest, in Northern Lycoming County, and in the summit country in Eastern Sugar Valley, became available for the big capacity mills the forests soon vanished as a dream.



CHIMNEY ROCK
Near Weikert, Union County.

The lumbermen were a picturesque lot, with their red and blue shirts, checked trousers, hob-nailed boots and "devil may care" manner. They had many idiosyncrasies of dress as well as manner, one of which was to have the tail of their brightly colored shirts project through a hole cut in the back of their trousers. In such regalia they paraded the streets of Williamsport and Lock Haven twenty years ago, a good natured, rollicking, handsome set of young men, but today, gone like the wild pigeons whose nests they frequently pillaged. The first lumbermen cut only the choicest white pine, and made no money at it, the lumbermen who flourished during the hegira of the narrow guage railways after the Spanish-American War, cut only what was left of the hemlock, and made collossal fortunes. They are now the pillars and philanthropists of Central Pennsylvania. Only one critcism can be passed on them: If they had replanted as they cut, valuable timber would be growing upon a million acres of land that today is a fire-swept, barren waste; they would have been providing a business for their children and their grandchildren, and above all for the permanency of the lumber business and the future prosperity of the Keystone State. Instead, they took the dollar that was before them, "let the devil take the hindmost." Conservation was unknown to them, their motives were those of a plague of locusts sweeping over a wheat field—leave nothing behind. A very refreshing exception to this rule exists in Warren County, where the Wheeler

family has been engaged in lumbering in the Hickory Valley Country since 1837. The lands which they cut over fifty years ago are almost ready for a second cutting. They did no replanting, but kept the fires out. Nature has done the rest. At the present time, however, the Wheeler family, the head of which is former Congressman Nelson P. Wheeler, employ a forester, a graduate from Prof. Schenk's Forest School at Biltmore, N. C., who is working out the reforestation problem very nicely. The original pines on Bobb's Creek, on the Wheeler property, average 180 feet in height; they are cut into 90 foot sticks and sold to the British Admiralty to be put in battleships later sunk by the Kaiser's submarines. In Clinton County scientific lumbering was carried on at the estate of the late Colonel James W. Quiggle, where a fine stand of a thousand acres of mixed growth timber, that has been thinned out for commercial purposes repeatedly, attests to the utility of such procedure. No forest fire of any consequence has swept through this timberland since 1854, consequently the vicinity of McElhattan Springs, Logan's Pond, the Shrine, Rippleside and Creekglade are deservedly popular recreation spots for the public.





Getting Down to Nature, Black Forest.

IV. CENTRE COUNTY.

The Great Spring—Penn's Cave—Nittany Mountain—State College—The Seven Mountains—John Penn's Valley—The Karoondinha—The Blue Rock—Original Pines—Grave of Lewis Dorman—Josh Roush—The Panther Spring—The Tom Motz Tract—Snow Shoe—Indian Grave Hill—Aaron Hall—Half Moon Lick—Bare Meadows—Stover's—Povalley—John Decker—Lechethal—Beavers—Baretown.

CENTRE COUNTY has been described as a "domain in itself" and rightly so, as it is a veritable Paradise for the nature lover, the Alpinist, the sportsman and the camper. Beginning at Hecla Park, with its beautiful forest-shaded lake at Mingoville there is an unending series of wonderful pictures. The road from Mingoville across Nittany Mountain to Penn's Cave is at its best in mid-June, when the traveler passes between a double row of flowering laurels for a distance of about five miles. Penn's Cave is beautifully situated at the foot of the termination of the lofty Brush Mountain. The cave is one of the finest in the Eastern States, the roof is high and a boat ride of one-quarter of a mile adds to the picturesqueness of the trip. The Karoondinha, or John Penn's Creek, rises in this cave. Many curious legends are clustered

about the cave, which was a favorite resort for the redmen in early days. Some of these have been collected into pamphlet form, and the book is sold at the Penn's Cave Hotel on the Cave property ("Penn's Grandest Cavern," Published by the Altoona Tribune Publishing Co., 1916.) The Penn's Cave hotel is indeed an inn of individuality. Well run by R. P. & H. C. Campbell, graduates of Pennsylvania State College, it has attracted high grade patronage and its trade is steadily growing. On high ground, it is an ideal healthful situation. Beyond Penn's Cave the route to Spring Mills is through a quaint farming country, the roads lined with giant trees. At Spring Mills, "Billy" Rokenbrod, a veteran hotel man, runs the old Spring Mills Hotel. Rokenbrod makes a specialty of catering to wants of tourists, who are assured of a cheery and substantial welcome at his hostelry. Near Centre Hall, east of Spring Mills, the Old Fort Hotel, near the scene of an Indian massacre, is noted for its cooking and excellent service. Pennsylvania State College, at the foot of Nittany Mountain, is too well-known to require description in these pages. It has been called a huge machine for turning farmer's sons into expert mechanics and engineers, to meet the needs of this great industrial age. In addition the course of military instruction is unusually fine. The buildings are up-to-date, with the exception of the old College Hall, built in 1863, which is the most attractive looking structure of the lot. Visitors to this building should not fail to ascend to the tower, where a most



The Fallen Monarch, Portage Creek, Potter County.

expansive and inspiring view of "Pennsylvania beautiful" can be obtained. In "College Hall" is an interesting Natural History Museum, key for which can be obtained from the janitor, whose office is on the ground floor. In it is a fairly complete collection of Pennsylvania fauna and avifauna, including a superb panther. The huge "relief map" of Pennsylvania showing mountains and geographical formations is worthy of observation. It is opposite the main doorway of College Hall. The agricultural department is well worth a visit, and a stroll through a narrow pathway lined with fir trees, known as the "Ghost Walk," is productive of serious thoughts. The road from State College to the Seven Mountains leads through the old town of Boalsburg, on the outskirts of which is the fine colonial residence of Captain Theodore Davis Boal, "veteran of the border" and philanthropist. The gateway to the Seven Mountains through the gorge between Bald Top and Tussey Knob is both wild and picturesque. At the head of this pass are the famous Bare Meadows, a deep bog, overgrown with rhododendron, where still stand a few of the fine red spruce trees which once thickly covered its surface. Unfortunately a forest fire devastated the "Meadows" in May, 1916, so as a beauty spot it must go into retirement for several years. Many rare flowers grew in the Meadows, among them the Pitcher Plant (Sarracenea purpurea). At the south side of the Bare Meadows a bridle path leads across the mountains into Stone Valley, Mifflin County, where ac-

commodations can be secured at an excellent private boarding place at McAlevy's Fort. The road from Spring Mills, along the south side of Penn's Valley, skirting the banks of the Karoondinha, is beautiful in the extreme. The remains of the old beaver dams at Beaver Dams Station can still be seen in the wide meadows. The road from Sober Station into the Seven Mountains is well worth following. The gorge is filled with the original white pine and hemlock timber, with rhododendron trees (Rhododendron maximum) forty feet high growing among the tall boles of the evergreens. On the summit, the road leads into Decker Valley, the home of Captain John Decker, the mighty Nimrod and slayer of the last native wild elk in Pennsylvania. Captain Decker entertains many hunters and tourists and is a veritable mine of information concerning the old days. From his home the road adjoins in about a mile the main turnpike which crosses the Seven Mountains from Centre Hall to Milroy. The road from Sober Station to Coburn (in Penn's Valley) is beautiful in the extreme. Much original timber is standing along the Karoondinha, which enhances the scenery considerably. About a mile east of Sober, a bridge crosses the Karoondinha, on which is the unique signboard, "To Povalley." In reality the sign means to "Poe Valley," and the wilder regions of the Seven Mountains, including the Lechethal. It was to Poe Valley in 1838, that the noted poet, Edgar Allan Poe, came from Philadelphia in search of an inheritance. The remains of the house



Bark Peelers at Work in Black Forest.

where he stopped is still pointed out to travellers. Deer abound in this valley, and the wolves made it one of their last retreats. Jonas J. Barnet of Weikert, Union County, heard them tonguing deer at night when camping in Poe valley in the winter of 1863 and a wolf followed Andrew Hironimus out of the valley one night during the same winter. At Coburn, there is a fine grove of gigantic original white pine trees, along the east slope of the gorge where the Karoondinha cuts through Tussey Mountain. There is no driving road through the gorge, but there is an excellent bridle path. In the gorge, at the Blue Rock, is shown the site of the birthplace of Daniel Karstetter, (1824-1907) one of the greatest panther hunters in the Seven Mountains. Following the Karoondinha to Cherry Run, much fine mountain scenery is revealed. There is a superb rock formation to the mountains that is reminiscent of Alpine countries, and much original hemlock on the mountain tops. The banks of the stream are dotted with hunters' and campers' cabins. In Allemingle Valley are the remains of deer stockades built many years ago by Josiah Roush, "the Terrible Hunter." The road from Coburn to Woodward skirts the foot of the Tussey Mountains, and passes through many fine stretches of original timber. Pine Creek rises and sinks at several points along this road. About three miles east of Coburn on this road are the celebrated Caves of Coburn. These caverns are on a level with the waters of Pine Creek and can only be entered at low water, preferably in mid-

summer. There are several imposing chambers in these caves, in one of which is the huge stalagmite formation supposed to be the funeral pyre of the wicked Indian prince, Red Panther, miraculously turned to stone in a single night. (See the author's "Pennsylvania Mountain Stories"). Competent guides, who will provide torches can be secured at the farmhouses adjacent to the caves. About half a mile west of the caves is a road to High Valley. The signboard says "To Ingleby." This is the best route to take to visit picturesque High Valley, once noted for its big timber and big game, or to ascend the fine peak known as Red Top, one of the highest points in the Seven Mountains. At Ingleby station a path crosses the mountains to the head of Black Wolf or Treaster Valley in Mifflin County. A half mile west of Woodward is shown the home of Josiah Roush, "the Terrible Hunter." This unique character, who learned his skill in the chase from Shaney John, an old Indian, tracked the deer on the snow, until driving them into the water he captured them and cut their throats. He also captured many deer alive, which he sold to Zoological Gardens. Exposure shortened his life and he died at the age of fifty-five years. The remains of his "deer pens" where he always kept a few live deer are still to be seen about the ancient dwelling. At Woodward, "Charley" Hosterman's hotel is well worth a visit. It is a well kept establishment, more like a survival of the inns of the Eighteenth Century than a modern caravansary. Until about 1908, Hosterman



Mouth of First Fork of Sinnemahoning.

kept and proudly exhibited in the inn-yard specimens of the now-extinct breed of Pennsylvania Colonial chickens, the Creeleys. As a recounter of wolf and panther stories, (the Dorman panther and the last pack of black wolves in John Penn's Valley, in particular), Hosterman has few equals and no superiors. The beds are clean and the cooking good, the former a rarity in the hotels in the Central Pennsylvania highlands. From Woodward, the road through the Penn's Valley narrows to Hartleton and Mifflinburg, formerly Youngmanstown, is much traversed, and contains many fine bits of wild scenery. It is now being sadly "thinned out" by theorists in the employ of the State Forestry Department. Visitors to Woodward should not miss taking a "hike" into Pine Creek Hollow, which lies beyond towering Shreiner Mountain. The Tom Motz tract of original white pine trees, one of the few tracts of such timber remaining in the State, is a treat for the eyes, never to be forgotten. The giant trees, rising to a height of nearly two hundred feet, and straight as gun barrels, are always sighing in the wind, and are weird and sad survivors of the grand forests which once covered the Central Pennsylvania uplands. A fine stream flows through the centre of the tract, giving the locality excellent camping facilities. This tract should be preserved for future generations—to show Pennsylvanians -to-come the kind of timber that once grew with lavish prodigality in our highlands. The State ought to buy the tract, as it is of small size, about 100 acres, and therefore will not involve a huge outlay like would be

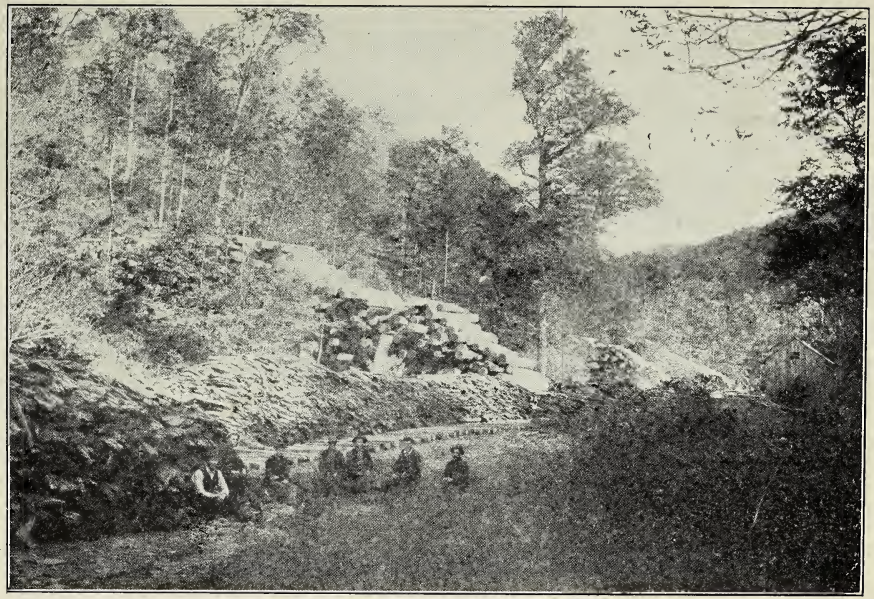
the case if the big Cook tract on the Allegheny river was purchased. A mile further east in the hollow is the celebrated panther spring, near where on Christmas Eve, 1868, Lewis Dorman, of Woodward, slew a gigantic Pennsylvania lion or panther. The road from Woodward to Fox's Gap, on the north side of Penn's Valley, passes St. Paul's church, in the graveyard of which is seen the tomb of Dorman, who died November 27, 1905. It is a favorite resort for devotees of the chase in John Penn's Valley, who regard this Nimrod and his seemingly unbelievable exploits with wild beasts almost as their patron saint. The road through Fox's Gap is full of grand scenic effects, although much of the original timber is now being removed to feed the new saw-mill at the mouth of the hollow. There is a superb view from the summit, the sunsets being the chief attraction. Where the road dips down to Brush Valley, the gap is called Minnick's Gap. At the foot of the mountain is a natural mineral spring, tasting not unlike Carlsbad water. It was a favorite resort for Indians from the South who were afflicted with fever and ague. There is a fine lake or pond not far from this spring, which is much resorted to by wild fowl of various kinds in the Spring months. The road leads north into the quaint village of Wolfe's Store, noted for its bleak looking haunted house (See the Author's "The Indian Steps," Reading Pa., 1912). Following this road in an easterly direction, the scenery is superb, wild and primitive. Deer horns and bear paws adorn many of the barns which skirt the roadside. To feel



Taking the Indians' Timber. A Giant Skidway on Seneca Reservation.

the full effect of this weirdness, this grand road should be traversed towards sunset—the Golden Hour onwards. Several miles east of Wolfe's Store is seen a superb original wild cherry tree in the yard of a public school, around which many legends linger. With its mate, unhappily cut down subsequent to 1911, it was said to have been planted, according to the Indian custom, to commemorate the betrothal of Francis Penn, a young adventurer and supposed nephew of William Penn and the beautiful Indian princess, Marsh Marigold. Later, the girl was murdered by a former lover, who was captured and buried alive in the wild waterfall of Elk creek, "The Devil's Plunge," high up in Stover's Gap. (See "The Indian Steps"). Some claim that the Penn in question was none other than William Penn's romantic and impressionable grandson, John Penn (1729-1795) for whom Penn's Valley and John Penn's Creek are named. (See a sketch of his career in Keith's "Provincial Councillors.") Beyond "Francis Penn's Betrothal Tree" several miles is Stover's. (Livonia P. O.) This stopping place for hunters and travellers has always been one of the favorite resorts in our highlands. Kept by several generations of Stovers, it has always been noted for its cordial welcomes and good cooking. G. B. Stover proudly exhibits the horns of the "Centennial Stag," killed by his father, Reuben Stover (1837-1910) in 1876, which has eighteen points and is of great beam and spread. Until 1915, the entrance to the Brush Valley Narrows was through a dense forest of white pines. Now all the

timber has been cut, giving the road a dismal aspect. The Forest House, built by Tom Tunis, an Irish prospector, before the Civil War and now occupied by the state forester of the district, is a picturesque structure some half dozen miles down the Narrows. Further on the road leads into Buffalo Valley, where the enormous barn, 68x100, built by Tunis in Hope Valley, and later moved and rebuilt at Cowan, is pointed out to strangers. The road through Stover's Gap is wild and picturesque. As previously stated, a branch of Elk Creek heads in this gorge, forming the waterfall where Francis Penn's foul enemy is entombed. There is a fine view from the summit over seemingly endless ranges of mountains. To the east, the state owns a fine tract of original yellow pine timber, a sight well worth seeing. On the summit, a road to the east runs down into Hope Valley, where the famous Shreader Spring is located and where the foundations of the original Tunis barn can be seen. This is among the wildest and most romantic regions in all our highlands; game is abundant. At Shraeder spring, where the Bellwood Hunting Club of Altoona have their camp, is the head of that fine trout stream, White Deer creek. It is well worthy of a visit, legends cluster about the quaint spot. Where the road dips down to Sugar Valley, the glen is called Bull Run Gap. It was until a few years ago heavily timbered with the original hemlock, and quite a little of this is still standing. Twenty years ago, along the "winter side" of Brush Valley there were dozens



A Sunset in the Pigeon Country.

of quaint, old-fashioned log cabins, but these have been gradually "weather-boarded" until at present few remain. In those days there was still much original timber on the "winter side" which added greatly to the drive from Elk Creek Narows to Kreamersville, now called Smullton. From Bellefonte there are many interesting excursions. Many persons visit the new prison at Rock View, ably presided over by the expert criminologist and orator, John Francies, late of Pittsburg. Others prefer a visit to the Pine Barrens about State College, or an excursion to Buffalo Run to pay their respects to the veteran panther hunter, George G. Hastings. A fine drive is up Moose Run, and around Indian Grave Hill, past the "silent city" where over 1,000 giant ant hills are located, and on to Snow Shoe. Snow Shoe is a desolate looking place, denuded of timber but still cherishing many old tales of the Snow Shoe Company and the big game fields. John Uzzle's hotel built in 1864 and a notable structure on the mountain in its day, is well-kept, and harbors many distinguished lodgers, among them Robert Askey, grandson of the famous panther and wolf hunter, Samuel Askey, who died in 1857. A mile north of Snow Shoe is the home of John Gunsaulus, born 1837, another veteran hunter, a genial and companionable man. In his boyhood, wolves were so abundant that his mother used to pound on the house with a stick of wood to make them cease howling in the mornings. Excellent guides for Baretown can be obtained in Snow Shoe. J. F. "Slim"

Burns is about the best known of these, and makes an interesting companion. The trip to Baretown through a cheerless region is repaid by this natural wonder. It is like a great overthrown city of stone, with streets, courts and corridors. The strange legend connected with this most stupendous relic of its kind in Pennsylvania is given in the author's "Pennsylvania Mountain Stories." Latterly, it has been tenanted by panthers and wild cats. Aaron Hall, "The Lion Hunter of the Juniata," killed several panthers which sought sanctuary there, and in recent years Sol. Roach of Johnstown, has taken a number of wild cats from its rocky fortresses. West of Snow Shoe is the mouth of Rock Run, the wild gorge where Hall killed most of his fifty panthers between 1845 and 1869. Further on, and an excellent view can be obtained from the New York Central tracks, is the "Horseshoe Curve" of Black Moshannon (Moose-Hanne or Moose Stream) where the creek makes a perfect horse-shoe of stupendous proportions. It is best appreciated when the livid sun is going down behind the distant fire-swept hills. A legend is told of this horse-shoe, giving it a Satanic origin. This will be found in the Author's "Indian Steps." Another horse-shoe, of a different kind, is on the Tyrone and Clearfield Railway south of Philipsburg, Centre County, where Sells Brothers circus was wrecked in 1886. To many it is finer than the better known "Horse-Shoe Curve" on the P. R. R. west of Altoona. Aaron Hall, the great hunter, resided in a handsome



Paddy Mountain, Union County.

brick mansion at the foot of the Allegheny massif, back of Unionville, about fifteen miles southwest of Bellefonte. He died in September, 1892. Undoubtedly, he was the greatest big game hunter of his generation in Pennsylvania. His hunting camp on Rock Run was a marvel to young and old. When Hon. C. K. Sober of Lewisburg first visited this camp, Hall had the hides of eleven panthers hanging up, as well as the skins of many bears and other animals. He was a noted deer slayer as well, the scene of many of his activities being about the romantic Half Moon Lick, not far from the watershed of Rock Run. For a more complete account of Aaron Hall and Half Moon Lick see the Author's "Juniata Memories," Philadelphia, 1916. Some of the last beavers in Pennsylvania built their dams and flourished about the headwaters of Beech Creek up until 1870, according to John Gunsaulus. They were slaughtered and driven out by the opening up of lumbering and log-floating enterprises on that watershed. At Curtin, several miles east of Bellefonte, is the substantial homestead of the Curtin family. Andrew Gregg Curtin (1815-1894), the immortal War Governor of Pennsylvania is said to have been born in a smaller house at the rear of the larger edifice. A charcoal iron furnace, owned by the Curtin family for over a century and one of the last in operation in the State is still run on this property. A visit to Centre County would not be complete without a few hours spent in Bellefonte. Chief in interest is the Big Spring filled with huge lazy trout. From this spring the city sup-

ply is obtained. This spring was admired by General Lafayette during his second visit to the United States in 1824, and the town is said by some to have been named by him. Then there is the old Curtin residence, for some years the abode of the great War Governor, further up the hilly main street, now the clubhouse of the B. P. O. Elks, but shown to visitors. At the top of this street is the Court House, with its high classic portico, recently remodelled within, but happily not without, with fine bronze statue to Governor Curtin in the front yard. Back of the statue are bronze panels giving names of every soldier from Centre County who served in the Civil War. In the Court House is a library containing oil paintings of all the Judges from Centre County who presided over its Courts, and well worth a visit. The famous War Governors' Conference held September 24, 1862, which Governor Curtin was largely instrumental in bringing about, took place at the Logan House, Altoona. No marker of any kind commemorates this historic and important event, and Curtin's only monument is in Bellefonte. On the topmost hill or citadel of Bellefonte is a fine old colonial structure, Bellefonte Academy, an institution which has graduated many youths destined to play an important part in the affairs of their State and Nation. It is well known that Bellefonte has produced three Governors of Pennsylvania—Andrew G. Curtin, General James A. Beaver and General Daniel H. Hastings. In Bellefonte is published one of the most remarkable



The West Branch at Mouth of Bald Eagle, Clinton County.
(Photo by H. W. Swope, Lock Haven.)

newspapers in the United States, the "Democratic Watchman," edited by Hon. P. Gray Meek. Well printed on fine paper, full of wit and wisdom, local and the world's news, it is as interesting to a resident of Calcutta, as to a person born and bred in Bellefonte. As a result, it has regular subscribers in every part of this country and abroad. The "Watchman" office is situated on the main street, near the bridge over Spring Creek, and nearly opposite to the Bush House. The Bush House is a hostelry famous the nation over, erected in 1867 by George Bush, a prominent lumberman and father of George Tomb Bush, author of that readable book of travel "Forty Thousand Miles Around the World," and a leader in Masonic and fraternal circles generally. Other excellent newspapers published in Bellefonte are the "Keystone Gazette," edited by Thomas H. Harter, the immortal "Boonestiel" of Pennsylvania German literature; the "Bellefonte Republican," ably conducted by Charles E. Dorworth, and the "Centre Democrat," the mouthpiece of the local Democratic organization. The following article on "Centre County's Mountains" from the pen of Richard M. Field, a United States geologist, appeared in a recent number of that excellent newspaper, the Centre County Reporter, of Centre Hall: "Centre county has long been famous for the beauty of its scenery. The Seven Mountains and the view of Penn's and Nittany Valleys from the tower at State College have been heralded far beyond the borders of the State. Perhaps it is hard for us to realize today what an im-

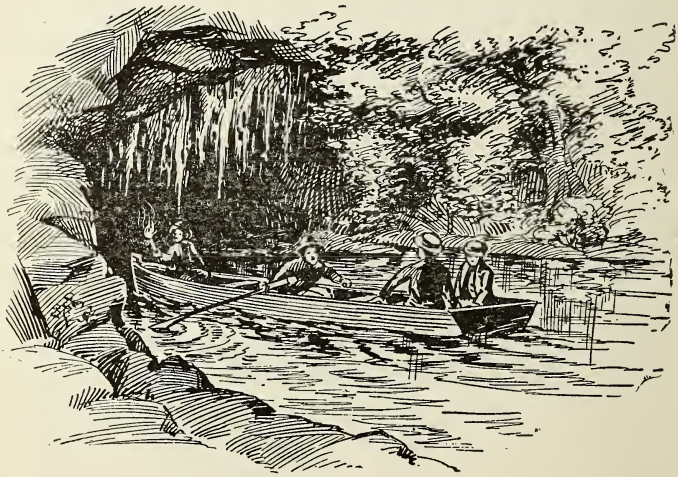
passable wilderness were once the now fertile and cultivated valleys of Central Pennsylvania. For a long time the great system of mountains and valleys which stretches from Alabama to New York formed an all but impassable barrier to the eastern pioneer who sought to fight his way against mountains, forests, and Indians to a new home in the west. 'Up to the door-sills of the log huts stretched the solemn and mysterious forest. There were no openings to break its continuity; nothing but endless leagues and leagues of shadowy, wolf haunted woodland * * through the gray aisles of the forest men walked always in a kind of midday gloaming * * * Save on the border of a lake, from a clifftop, or on a bald knob * * they could not anywhere look out for any distance. All the land was shrouded in one vast forest. It covered the mountains from crest to river bed, filled the plains, and stretched in somber and melancholy wastes towards the Mississippi'—(Theodore Roosevelt, the spread of English-speaking Peoples, in 'The Winning of the West,' edition of 1905, Vol. 1, pp. 146-147). It was the lumberman and miner who first really conquered the country. The former cleared the shaly slopes and limestone caves and valleys, the latter pushed in the railroads and developed the famous coal and iron resources of the state, which have so ably helped to make the United States the foremost iron and steel producing country of the world. Nature not only provided the lumber and the coal, the banks of ore which could be developed and mined so easily, but she also provided



Panoramic View of Lock Haven. (From Bald Eagle Mountain.)

close at hand a bountiful supply of pure limestone and ganister which are necessary in the metallurgical processes. But all this is an old story to the people of Pennsylvania and of Centre county in particular. I say Centre county, in particular, because no other county of the State so combines all its natural resources as does this geographic centre—coal, iron, wood, limestone, glass sand, Penn's Cave, Seven Mountains,. fertile valleys, State College, etc. Here the traveler finds represented all the natural, intellectual and scenic resources of the state. If he would appreciate Pennsylvania he must certainly see Centre county. There are certain intellectual resources of the county which are perhaps not so well known to the majority of its inhabitants as are its economic ones; I am referring especially to the beautiful delineated type of mountain structure and the fossiliferous rocks. Appalachian Mountain structure is famous the world over, and it was due to the efforts of such men as Rogers, of the first Pennsylvania Survey; Bailey Willis, of the U. S. Geological Survey; and W. M. Davis, of Harvard University, in this region of folding and erosion without great faulting that America was first able to publish to the world the mechanics of mountain building. The study of the Appalachian Mountains of Central Pennsylvania has proved the most noble chapter in the books of American geology. The fossiliferous rocks have yet to be studied in any great detail. Already much work has been spent upon them and in time they will probably be as fully described as the rocks of New

York and the southeastern states. These tremendous thicknesses of sandstones, limestones and shales and their included fossils which thrived in the great inland sea long before powerful earth movements raised and folded the sediments into what are now the eroded hills and valleys of Pennsylvania, are of compelling interest to all students of the earth's history. It perhaps may seem strange to the economist of Centre county that his locality is probably more famous among foreign nations for its scientific interests than for its agricultural and mining possibilities, nevertheless this fact should be appreciated."





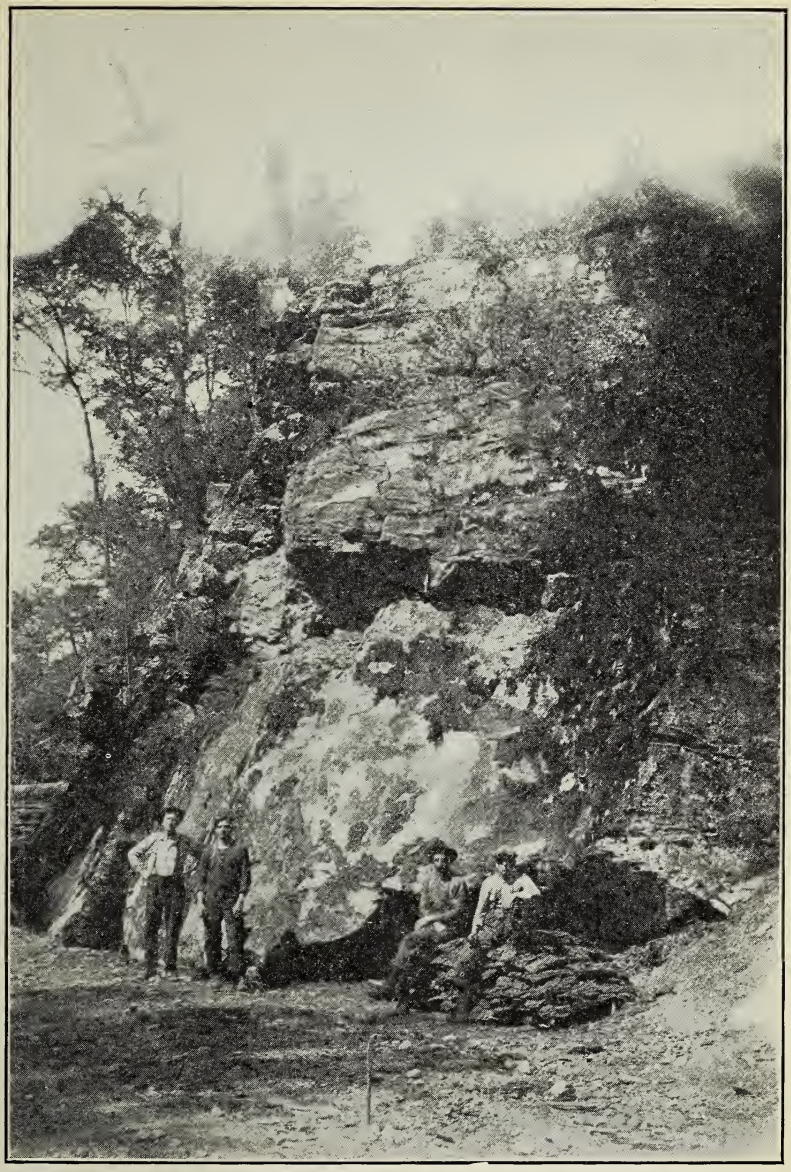
Buffalo Creek, near Lewisburg. (Photo by J. Herbert Walker.)

V. MIFFLIN COUNTY.

The Seven Mountains—The Kettle—Detwiler—Milliken's High Top—Jack's Mountain—The Little Valley—Havice—Black Wolf or Treaster—New Lancaster—The Juniata—Alexander's Spring—Winegartner's Cove—Naginey Cave—Logan's Spring.

THE MOST impressive entrance to the scenic grandeur of Mifflin County is through the rocky gorge of Jack's Creek, several miles north of Lewistown. Beyond this savage defile, there is a hill-girt valley, behind which loom the lofty camel-backs of the Seven Mountains, with Sample Knob in the foreground like a swart sentinel and, the entire scene culminating in Milliken's High Top, a height which seems to pierce the clouds. Beyond to the west lie the beautiful and fertile Kishacoquillas and Stone Valleys, the former named for the noted chieftain, Kishecokelas. These valleys contain several interesting caverns which are described at length in Sherman Day's grand work "Pennsylvania Historical Collections"; Philadelphia, 1843. There are many Mennonites and Amish farmers in this section, very prosperous and contented, who lend a picturesque and old-world flavor to the region. Running southeast, the level range of towering Jack's Mountain prolongs itself until lost in an infinity of mountains. Running into the Seven Mountains are a number of deep, narrow valleys, shut off from the outside world and civilization

by intervening ridges. These are chiefly interesting to the faunal naturalist, as being the last stronghold of the larger carnivora in this Keystone State. The town of Siglerville is the outpost of civilization of this miniature wilderness, where roads converge from Havice, Black Wolf or Treaster, the Lechethal, New Lancaster and other remote valleys. Along the ridges which shut off these remote glens from the valleys of Jack's Creek, Honey Creek and the Kishocoquillas are many log cabins, formerly inhabited by noted hunters. These men made excellent livings hunting and trapping in the golden age of the big game fields. Elks lingered in this region, on the divide between the head of Treaster Brook and the Karoondinha until about 1850, black wolves (canis lycaon) were numerous forty years ago, and one or two may linger there still. Panthers bred there until little more than twenty years ago, and one or two may still inhabit their ledges and caves in the adjoining mountains. There is an excellent bridle path and foot-path leading up Treaster Valley, and crossing the divide on the old panther trail, which leads ultimately to High Valley and the Red Top. A trip along the "panther trail" is well calculated to give an excellent idea of the grand scenery of this sequestered region. Treaster Valley takes its name from its first white settler, Dan Treaster, who located there about 1840. During his first years in the valley, the wolves were so bold that they marooned him in his stable all night on several occasions. Each of these wild valleys were considered the private hunting domain of a single



The Panther Cliffs, Treaster Brook, Mifflin County.

old hunter. John Swartzell ruled the wilds of Havice, Dan Treaster was undisturbed monarch of Black Wolf, while Joe Knepp controlled the hunting in New Lancaster. Swartzell and Treaster conserved their game better than Knepp who invited outsiders to hunt with him, consequently there is little more than small game today in New Lancaster Valley, while the panther occasionally roars in Havice and Black Wolf. One of the most beautiful spots in Honey Creek Valley is Alexander's Stream, a vast spring or fountain which rushes from a hillside closely resembling the famed Vale of Vaucluse in Provence. As the water of the Alps is said to pour from the Fountain of Vauduse, water from the torrents of the Seven Mountains flows from Alexander's Stream. This fountain was much admired by Edgar Allan Poe during his fabled visit to the Seven Mountains in 1838. Not far from this rare attraction is the wonderful limestone cavern, Naginey Cave. Ranking with the endless caverns in Virginia and the Wyandot Cave of Indiana and surpassing all Pennsylvania caves except Penn's Cave, it has been strangely neglected of recent years. The weird legend connected with Naginey Cave will be found in the Author's "In the Seven Mountains," Reading, 1914. On the hill back of Naginey Cave is a vast sink known as Winegartner's Cove. In some of its serried recesses ice is said to remain all Summer. Around this sink clusters a terrible legend, which is also recounted in "In the Seven Mountains." The various streams heading in the Seven Mountains all empty into the Juniata,

which forms one of the fairest features of Mifflin County. The Lewistown Narrows and the Packsaddle are also among the great natural beauties of this county which are formed by the Juniata carving its way through the towering mountains. "This brave little river," says Governor Brumbaugh, "instead of winding its way towards the Susquehanna around the high mountains, breaks its way through thirteen separate mountain ranges between Huntingdon and Juniata Bridge." It is a stream worthy of its Indian name and the hosts of beautiful traditions and stirring historic events clustered about it. Unfortunately, dwellers along its banks have allowed it to be foully polluted by factories and sewers, but public opinion is slowly but surely being aroused to end this nuisance. In the "Guide to the Pennsylvania Railroad" published in 1855, Jack's Mountain beyond Mt. Union, at the southeasterly end of the county is thus described: "The gap of Jack's Mountain presents a peculiarly wild and rugged appearance. The sides of the mountain are almost entirely destitute of vegetation, and covered with immense masses of gray and time-worn rocks." It is these rocks which the sand-rock quarrymen covet from the State, their present owner and which they are seeking to destroy. Quarrymen have already destroyed much fine rock scenery along the Juniata. Posterity will hold them responsible for this shameless work. Logan's Spring, where this great chieftain spent much time, near Reedsville, is a spot well worthy of a tourist's visit.



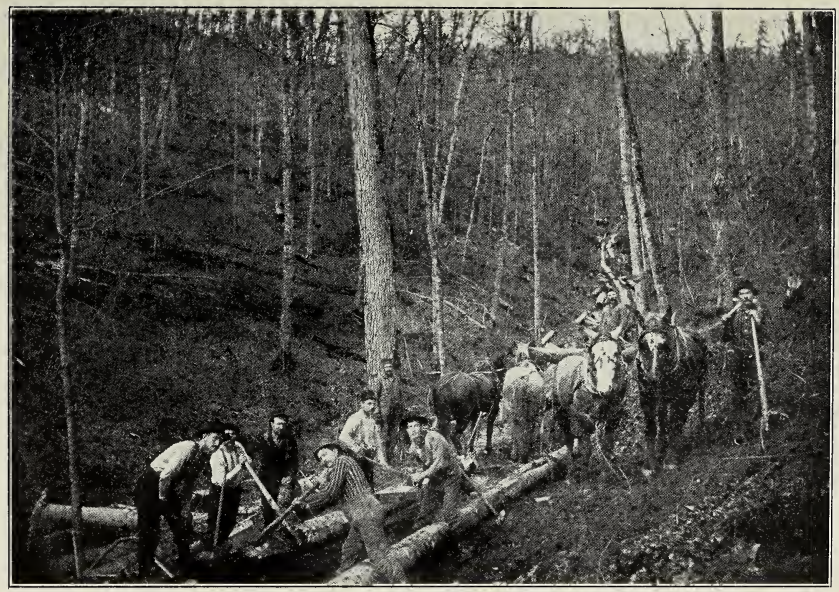
A "Shack" in the Black Forest.

VI. UNION COUNTY.

Penn's Valley Narrows—The Old Tavern—Buffalo Valley —Buffalo X Roads—New Cemetery, Lewisburg—The Tight End—Bill Pursley—Jacob Weikert—Jonas Barnet—Shikellemus—The Miller Farm.

TOURISTS entering the Highlands from the East had, as stated previously, begun their excursions from old Lewisburg, formerly Derrstown, that picturesque college town on the Susquehanna. Before starting for the mountains, a day can be profitably spent in historic "Derrstown." To the lover of natural scenery, the old town, culminating in the high, wooded hill on which Bucknell University stands, must always possess a peculiar charm. The stately college buildings are shaded by splendid white oaks, but the "borer" has destroyed most of the original yellow pines which formerly graced this handsome grove. The natural history museum at the college library, shown to visitors by Prof. W. E. Martin, a courteous savant, is well worth a visit. Most of the specimens have been mounted by students at the college and are creditable examples of taxidermy. Part of the valuable collection of Indian relics gotten together by the late Dr. W. E. H. Gernerd of Muncy are on exhibition in handsome oak and glass cases in this museum. From the "college hill," Prof. Martin points out with

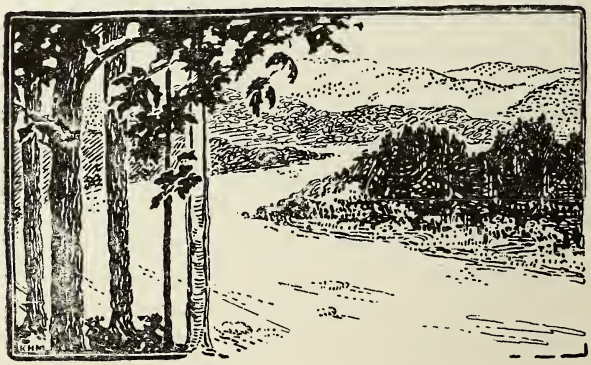
pride the site of the former home of John Brady, the pioneer, who was killed by Indians on Wolf Run near Muncy in 1779. In the distance Montour Mountain to the southeast, Jack's Mountain to the west and the Buffalo Range to the north dominate the rugged landscape. While in the town a visit should be paid to W. S. O'Brien's taxidermist shop near the P. R. R. station, where splendid examples of the local fauna are constantly on hand. Derr's old mill, built in 1779, is worthy of a visit, also "Jake" Horam's collection of American buffalo robes (next door to O'Brien's shop). Hon. C. K. Sober, veteran naturalist and for twenty-one years a member of the Pennsylvania State Board of Game Commissioners, has several interesting relics in his residence, among them a set of buck-horns grown through a tree, and a fine specimen of a panther (*felis couguar*) killed in Pocohontas County, West Virginia, in 1901. H. E. Spyker, another well-known citizen, possesses a good set of Pennsylvania elk horns, from an elk killed in the Blockhouse Country in 1830. The old Court-house, still happily, and unlike the ones in Middleburg and Bellefonte, not remodelled, is well worth a visit for its classic dignity. A visit to the New Cemetery will well repay the time so expended. Near the front entrance is the grave of George Derr, a son of Lewis Derr, founder of Lewisburg. Near at hand are the graves of Mary Q. Brady, widow of John Brady the pioneer, and Colonel John Kelly the Hero of the Battle of Princeton and slayer of the last wild buffalo in Pennsylvania



Lumbermen Building a "Slide."

In travelling across the valley in the direction of New Berlin, a visit should be paid to Driesbach Church, in the graveyard of which is the $10,000 monument to Samuel Maclay, at one time United States Senator from Pennsylvania, who died in 1811. The State erected this costly monument though it begrudged a simple marker to Colonel Conrad Weiser. North of Dreisbach Church is Buffalo X Roads, famous as being the scene of the slaying of the last buffalo by Colonel Kelley on February 19, 1801. The skull of the monster hung for years on a pitch pine tree in the neighborhood, until blown down in a heavy gale in 1823. At Mazeppa, formerly Boyerstown, is shown the hide of a red bear (*Ursus arctos Schwenkii*)—a rare variety of the Pennsylvania fauna. It was killed November 29, 1912, and mounted by Taxidermist O'Brien of Lewisburg. At the "Tight End" or "Narrow Point" of Buffalo Valley, where the White Mountains and Paddy Mountains close in together, was a colony of big game hunters. They resided principally about Weikert. Jonas J. Barnet, born 1838, is perhaps the last survivor of this illustrious coterie. In the local churchyard is shown the grave of the famous wolf hunter, Bill Pursley, who died in 1893. The scenery from here to Coburn, Centre County, through the gorge of Karoondinha, about ten miles, is indescribably grand. Many prominent Pennsylvanians have constructed handsome summer cottages in this gorge in the last few years. The magnificent mountain country embracing the watersheds of White Deer Creek, Spruce Run, Rapid Run

and Buffalo Creek lie mostly in Union County. These are famous trout streams, and are visited annually by thousands of ardent disciples of Isaak Walton. Unfortunately the furtive dynamiter is beginning to make inroads on the trout, this evil being mostly caused by a demand created by automobile touring parties for country hotels to furnish "trout suppers" at all seasons. About four miles north of Lewisburg, on the west bank of the Susquehanna River, is situated the famous Miller farm, once the home of Shikellemus, vice-gerent of the Iroquois Confederation in Pennsylvania. He settled here in 1728. Shikellemus Run flows through the property, which is well timbered and rolling. It was here that Rev. C. W. Gearhart, of Indiana, Pa., is said to have dug up the opal necklace with bronze medallion of an English king attached, which he exhibits in the course of his interesting lecture on the Redmen.





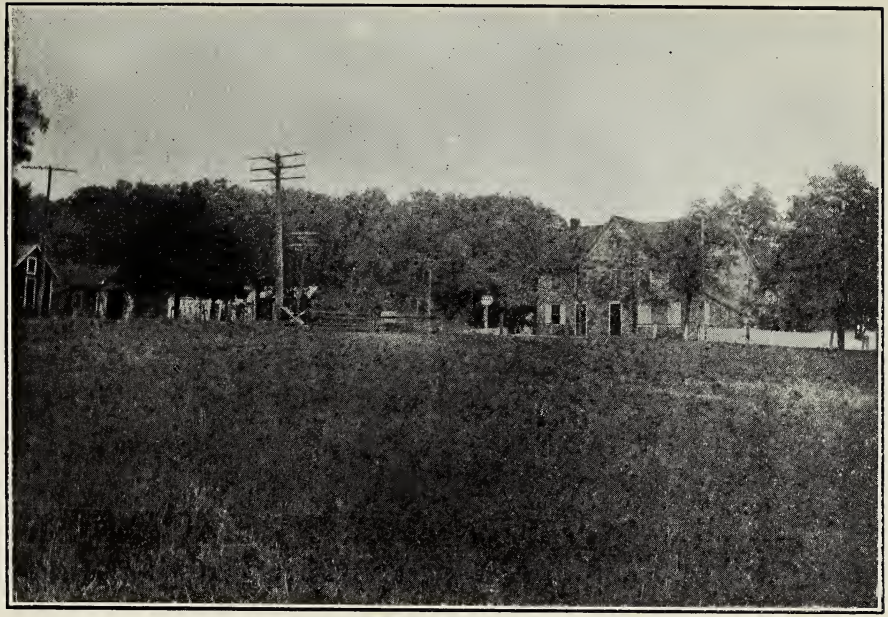
View on "First Fork" Near Wharton.

VII. LYCOMING COUNTY.

The Tiadaghton—The Black Forest That Was—Widaagh's Spring—Old Nichols and Shawana—The Coudersport Pike—J. F. Knepley—Ole Bull—Essick Heights—Lewis Lake—Hardwoods—Wild Pigeons—Potash Run—Sunfish Pond—Dr. Kalbfus—Lochabar.

LYCOMING COUNTY lying north of the West Branch of the Susquehanna is situated for the most part in a different faunal zone from the greater part of our Eldorado. The Canada Lynx, the Northern hare, the pine marten, the fisher, the glutton and the black squirrel were once abundant, but unlike the fauna of the more southerly part of the Central Pennsylvania Highlands have for the most part disappeared. Several fine streams flow through "Old Lycoming," among them Tiadaghton, Little Pine Creek, Lycoming Creek, Larry's Creek and Muncy Creek are considerable bodies of water, and in their day most of them floated many logs to mill. It has been stated that Tiadaghton, now called Pine Creek, carried a dozen billion feet of white pine lumber to the saw-mills of Williamsport and points further east. Jersey Shore so named because settlers from New Jersey resided on the side of the river where the town grew up, lies near the confluence of Tiadaghton with the Susquehanna. Several miles southeast of Jersey Shore, at the foot of

the Bald Eagle Mountain is Widaagh's Spring, said to have been the favorite camping ground of King Widaagh, the Indian Chief, who helped to negotiate the disastrous treaty with William Penn in 1700, virtually giving the West Branch Valley to the whites. West of this spring, Antes Creek empties into the Susquehanna. The gorge of Antes Creek contains some fine scenery. Near the old stone woolen mill is the spot where the wolf which figured in the adventures of Caroline Stein, "The Little Red Riding Hood of the West Branch," was slain by angry farmers the year of the great flood, 1847. At the head of the gorge a view of Nippenose Valley, with its seven identical sentinel hills on the South, is secured. Antes Creek rises from a fine spring on the estate of the late George L. Sanderson, "Lochabar." The name of this place signifies "Lake of the Horns," being the name of a small lake in the Scottish Highlands where the deer were in the habit of shedding their antlers. Near the spring stands one of the pillars of the old State Capitol at Harrisburg, a structure destroyed by fire in 1896, which Mr. Sanderson had erected on his estate in 1900 on the 200th anniversary of William Penn's treaty with Widaagh. Penn himself was said to have been present when the treaty was signed, the final events happening near the great Spring. Further South in Nippenose Valley is the Oriole Cave which suddenly appeared in a farmer's field one fine morning in 1896, and has been there ever since. A subterranean stream is said to lead from it into the Susquehanna three miles



Old Fort Hotel, Centre County.

away. At the extreme eastern end of Nippenose Valley, named for the Indian chief Nippenuce, is a settlement of German Catholics at Bastress. Their church high on the hillside is a familiar landmark from all parts of this beautiful and fruitful valley. Oval and Collomsville are two picturesque villages in the valley, southeast of "Lochabar" on the road across the mountains to White Deer Hole Valley. This is a fine scenic route, and a hotel at Elimsport accommodates travellers very satisfactorily. From "Lochabar," the buildings, fish ponds, and fine old trees, all of which are well deserving of a visit, the road southeast runs in the direction of Rauchtown, and out south through Rauch's Gap, along Rauch's Creek. There is no finer or wilder rocky gorge in the eastern states except perhaps Crawford Notch and the Old Man of the Mountain in the White Mountains of New England. Castellated crags, lofty precipices, dim caverns, winding defiles, dizzy peaks, all combine to make the trip one long to linger in the most materialistic memories. About two miles up the gorge, the route of an old lumber road leads up Gottshall Run, through another wild and picturesque region. This trail if followed brings the traveller out at Mount Zion on the main road leading from McElhattan to Sugar Valley. Following the main road from Rauchtown until the divide is reached, the road to the east leads into the romantic "Dutch End," Zimmerman's, and White Deer Hole Valley, while the southerly road runs on to Carroll, in Clinton County. The "Dutch End," so called from having been settled by

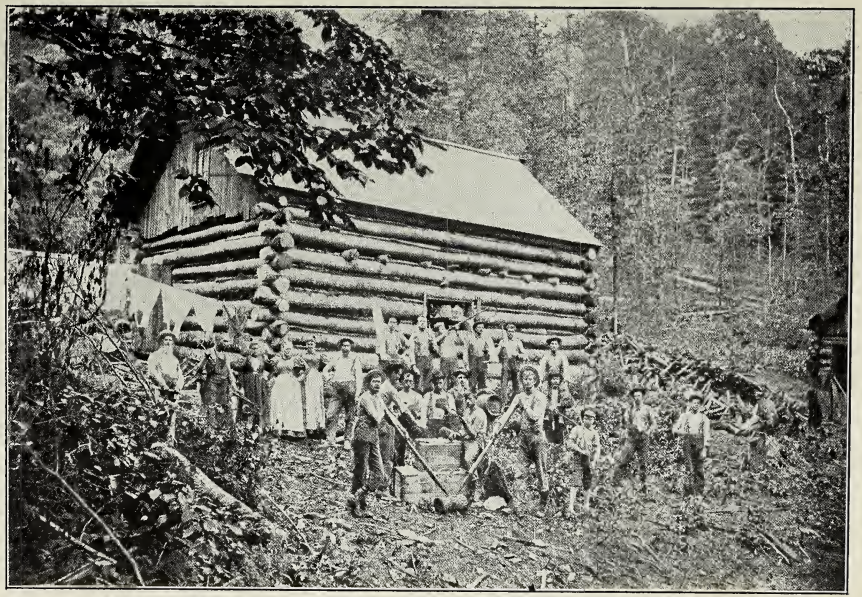
Germans about 1865, is a wild glen well-timbered and containing much game. Leaving Jersey Shore and proceeding in a northwesterly direction until Tiadaghton is reached, a stop should be made at the home of John F. Knepley, erstwhile pupil of Ole Bull and great authority on Indian lore. This grand old man who was born the same year as J. Pierpont Morgan, 1837, will be glad to escort tourists to the spot on Nichol's Run, nearby, where is buried Shawana, the last Indian girl of the West Branch Valley, who died in 1850. Shawana was one of the two daughters of Old Nichols, a one-eyed Seneca Indian who came to the West Branch Valley every autumn and remained there until Spring, supporting his family by basket making and doing chores for the farmers. He spent the summers on the Allegheny Reservation in New York. He was a native of the West Branch Valley, taking his name from Major James Nichols, one of the signers of the famous Fort Horn Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776, whose body servant he had been. The aged Indian was known as "Old Nicholas" to many, but his proper name was Nichols. After the death of his daughter, who was carried off by a sudden attack of pneumonia, he left the West Branch with his surviving daughter, Iona, never to return. John Knepley's father, Conrad Knepley, was the first mail carrier over the Pike constructed between Jersey Shore and Coudersport in 1830, a distance of about one hundred miles. It was a wild region in those days, through a primeval forest, and often the wolves trotted ahead of his horse, for he



Grove of Giant White Oaks, near Earleysburg, Centre County.

carried the mail on horseback, and it was a frequent sight to see elks lying along the road chewing their cuds like domestic cattle. Sometimes he took his son John with him, leaving him occasionally with the Andriessen family at Oleona. John Andriessen was the private secretary of Ole Bull, the famed Norwegian violinist who started an ill-starred colonization scheme not far from the Pike. On Summer evenings young Knepley would sit on the hillside on the opposite bank of Ole Bull Run listening to the inspired music of the master, as he walked up and down the lofty ramparts of his "castle" playing his violin. Andriessen told the great violinist of the lad's fondness for his music, with the result that he invited him to the mansion, and gave him a number of lessons. When Ole Bull colony collapsed owing to the 50,000 acre tract having been sold to the unsuspecting Norseman on faulty titles, one of the great violinist's last requests before leaving the country was that his secretary present one of his violins to young Knepley. This was done, and the Stradivarius is today one of the old gentleman's choicest possessions. On the west bank of Tiadaghton, near the Knepley mansion, which stands on the site of Major Nichols' homestead, the foundations of the great Phelps-Dodge fortunes were laid. Here they had their huge saw-mills, using only the choicest white pine logs, which Tiadaghton's waters could float. The road to Shawana's grave leaves the Jersey Shore-Avis turnpike at Glen post office, running northward. On the east bank of this stream is an Indian spring, a favorite

camping ground for the red men and their families. Near Glen post office is the Buffalo Hill, so called from the fact that a tame buffalo from Kansas was kept there for several years by a farmer named Abe Sheesley. Following the road past the Indian spring, and Shawana's grave (one mile north of Glen post office on the west side of road; marked with brown head-stone) the road leads in the shadow of the mighty Pewterbaugh Mountain, to Salladasburg, a quaint old settlement, and once a great tannery town to English Centre, where a vast tannery was operated for fifty years. On Little Pine Creek, the scenery is magnificent, high mountains are seen on every side, marred perhaps by the ruin wrought by forest fires. Following Little Pine Creek towards its headwaters, the village of Buttonwood is passed. Nauvoo, a very picturesque village, lies at the headwaters. At Buttonwood there is a fine mountain trail leading across the Divide into the waters of Gray's Run, a tributary of Lycoming Creek. This is an ideal trip for "hikers," leading through a wild and woody country. At Gray's Run, the trail can be continued to Ralston, and thence to Potash Run where a large tract of original white pine timber was standing until recently. On the divide above Potash is Sunfish pond, a pretty little lake in the heart of the forest, among the Towanda Mountains. (In Bradford county). A trail leads from Sunfish pond south to Laquin, a flourishing lumber town on Shroeder Creek. South of Laquin fifteen miles is Lewis's Lake, now called Eaglesmere, (in Sullivan county) a supposedly bottom-



A Lumber Camp in the Lechethal, Mifflin County.

less body of water situated 2,200 feet above sea level, and a famous summer resort. There are a number of excellent hotels and boarding houses where tourists can find accommodations. The Crestmont Inn is the most elaborate, while the homelike Eaglesmere Hotel is open all the year 'round. An attractive walk (east) is across the hills to the lake country at Laporte, the county seat of Sullivan County, picturesquely situated near Lake Mokoma, and the smallest seat of justice in point of population in Pennsylvania. This was a great country for hardwood timber, beech, birch and maple, and was a favored roosting and nesting place for the now-extinct wild pigeons, (*ectopistes migratorious*) which continued visiting this region to feed on the mast until about 1881. When Dr. Kalbfus was at Ralston in 1859, wild pigeons were very abundant, also wolves, which often chased stray sheep into the camp where he was staying. The timber in northeastern Lycoming County was not removed until recent years, consequently it was enjoyed by more nature-lovers than most sections of the Highlands. Many fine trout streams still exist in Lycoming County, most of which empty into Tiadaghton. Among these are Trout Run, Salmon Run, Slate Run, Cedar Run, Upper and Lower Pine Bottom Runs, Little Pine Creek and Tomb's Run. Ralston was once a great headquarters for disciples of Isaak Walton. A very attractive little book, one that is highly prized by collectors, called "Bodine's or Camping on the Lycoming" from the pen of Dr. T. S. UpdeGraff and published in Philadelphia in 1879 de-

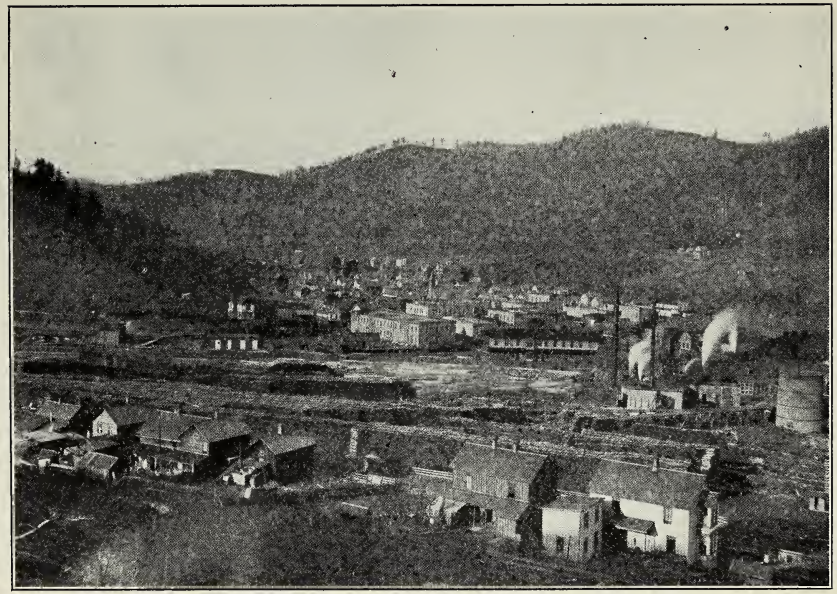
scribes several outings spent in this region, including a driving trip to the site of Ole Bull's Castle. It gives a very good idea of the condition of game and fish and the timber at the time the book was written. It has much to say concerning the scenic beauties of Pleasant Stream, Miner's Run and Red Run, the last named stream culminating in the exquisite colored Ruby Falls, so called from the water being red tinted from the stream rising in a Tamarack Swamp. It also praises the wild beauty of Dutchman's Falls on Miner's Run. Otters were always fond of Gray's Run, having many slides along it until hunted unmercifully during the lumbering operations on the run some fifteen years ago. In 1900, Oscar Huff saw a female otter and her two young disporting themselves in a mill pond on this stream, and was able to capture one of the youngsters alive with his hands. Taken as a whole, there are more black bears in northern Lycoming County than any other section of the State, Pewterbaugh being a favorite hibernating ground for *Ursus Americanus*. The scenery along Tiadaghton from its mouth to its headwaters is grand, but forest fires have burned away much of the fine timber standing on inaccessible cliffs which might otherwise have remained. There are many camps and bungalows along this stream, and numerous mountains worthy of the expert Alpinist. A fine tramp is up State Run to its forks thence across the divide to the sequestered little lumber town of Leetonia. (In Tioga County). There is a fine body of original timber at the headwaters on State Run, on the



The Despoiler. Giant Sawmill at Austin, Potter County.
(Photo taken in 1910.)

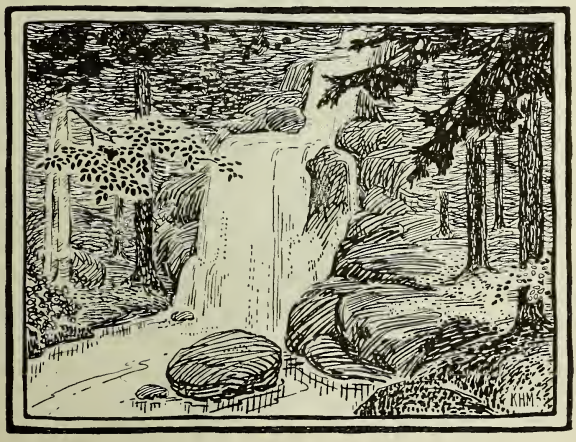
divide between it and the waters of Kettle Creek. A good trail leads across this divide, which is known as Warpath, as it was used by marauding Indians in the olden days. A good description of the lumbering days of a quarter of a century ago in Lycoming County is given by Walter Wyckoff in his book "The Workers," published in 1898. It was a picturesque period but the destruction of timber was unwarranted, and in the end enriched very few persons. The Coudersport Pike marked the southerly boundary of the Black Forest, a vast region of white pine, hemlock and hardwood timber, which covered approximately an area of forty miles by forty miles. As late as 1881, this land could be bought from private owners for one dollar per acre, grand old trees and all, so far from market was it at that time. Much of it was still in the possession of the State, and could be taken up by homesteaders. But with the advent of stem-winder railways, about twenty-five years ago, the timber became accessible, its value increased, and in twenty years all but a few scattering tracts were cut off. No one thought of replanting, like in the Black Forest of Germany, and today the view northward through the Black Forest *that was* is disheartening in the extreme. Most of this denuded area has now passed into the hands of the State, and if the next session of the Legislature grants a sufficient appropriation, a cent an acre will be enough, a strong effort will be made to check the forest fire horror and let the country grow up again. But when apparently some men say

openly that the huckleberry crop is worth more than the young trees, local co-operation will be withheld from restoring the forest cover, so valuable alike to the healthful and commercial welfare of the Pennsylvania Highlands. Nearer to Williamsport than Lewis' Lake, Highland Lake or Essick Heights is a most attractive resort. It can easily be reached by driving road up Loyalsock Creek or else by footpath up the sheer face of towering mountains. The scenery from Essick Heights Hotel is beyond description, it is so varied and beautiful. Many other fine views are obtained from the regions adjacent to the Loyalsock Creek, which is a picturesque, winding stream and a stream noted for the vast amount of logs it floated to market in its day. Another fine view is secured from the road leading into White Deer Valley across the Bald Eagle Mountain. There is a ruined tavern stand on the way, about which cling many old traditions that add to the weird loneliness of this route. Sylvan Dell is an attractive resort several miles below Williamsport on the banks of the Susquehanna and at the foot of the Bald Eagle Mountain. It is reached by steamboat from Williamsport, as is Nippeno Park, west of the city, an almost similarly attractive resort between Williamsport and Jersey Shore. In the beautiful Muncy Valley, on the driving road from Williamsport to Lewis' Lake is situated Picture Rocks, a series of shale-like cliffs, on which an illuminated pictorial account of a great battle in Indian days was recorded. Most of this has now unfortunately been obliterated



Austin, Potter County, Before Great Flood of 1911.

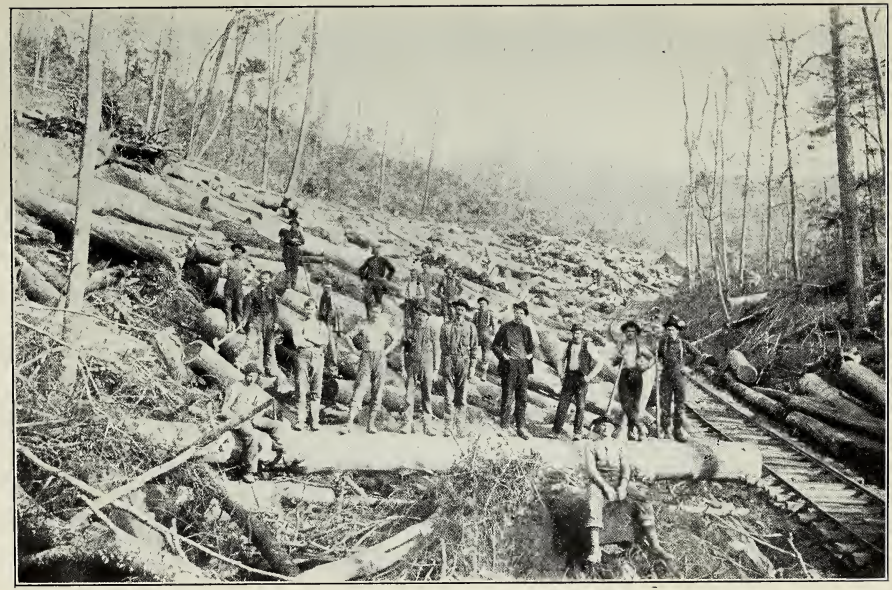
through land-slides and gradual disintegration of the rocks. The legends connected with these rocks are given in the author's "More Pennsylvania Mountain Stories," Reading, 1912. J. Wesley Little, famed as an artist in water colors, has his studio and home at Picture Rocks. A picturesque trip from Salladasburg leads north to Brookside, White Pine, and through the deep defile known as Steam Valley into the waters of Blockhouse Run. This scenery has been compared favorably to that of the Cevennes Mountains in southern France.



VIII. CAMERON COUNTY.

The Knobs—The Sinnemahoning—Its Pollution—Up Jerry Run—The First Fork—Joe Berfield—Arch Logue—Henry Mason—John Jordan—James Wylie Miller—Altar Rock—Seth I. Nelson—The Divide.

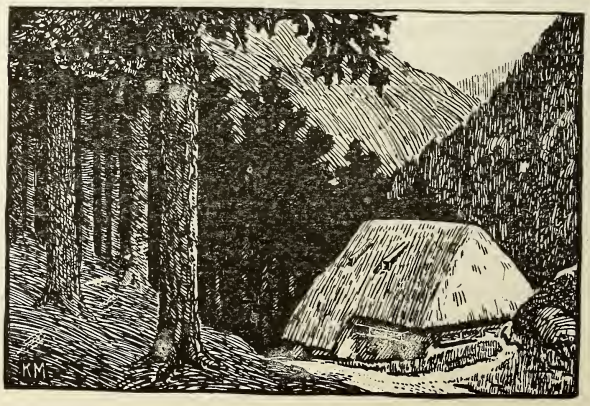
IN CAMERON COUNTY the scenery reaches the climax of wildness and grandeur. The peaks have an Alpine sublimity that defy description. Among them, the three distant Knobs of Clearfield County rise above the sky line like titans in a race of giants. Though most of the timber is gone, it was taken off gradually and the bareness and cheerlessness so characteristic of the denuded Black Forest is lacking in most parts of Cameron County. The scenery of the First Fork of the Sinnemahoning is grand all the way to Wharton, Potter County, which is on the line of the famous Buffalo Path, and where is still shown an old-time buffalo wallow of extensive proportions. The Sinnemahoning, naturally a beautiful stream, has been marred, it is said, by the paper mill at Austin (on the First Fork) dumping its refuse into it until the water today has the color and consistency of black ink. It is about the worst polluted stream in the State. Once a fine fishing stream, even the "river alligators" or salamanders are now dead. All along the Sinnemahoning rise the most majestic mountains. Wykoff's Run, which empties into the Sinne-



The Despoilers Again. A Group of Black Forest Loggers.
(Photo by W. T. Clarke, Betula, McKean County.)

mahoning, is a gateway to still wilder regions, and what was once a great panther and big game country. In 1858, James Wylie Miller saw the tracks of nine panthers together in the snow on Up Jerry Run, near the road to Karthaus. Miller, who was born in 1838, and is still living, was a famous wolf hunter in his day. In 1857, with several companions, he was surrounded by a pack of wolves at a camp on Hunt's Run, near Cameron Station. Of an older generation were Arch Logue, who killed the last elk on the First Fork in 1854, Joe Berfield, John Jordan and Henry Mason, all famous as slayers of big game. C. W. Dickinson, born in 1842, relates how he heard a panther roar on the Driftwood Branch of the Sinnemahoning in the fall of 1872, while camping out with his father, the late C. H. Dickinson. Just across the Cameron County line in Clinton County, at Round Island, is the great natural wonder—Altar Rock. It is a spiral of rocks seventy feet high, standing on the side of a mountain on the north bank of the Sinnemahoning in full view of the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks, where it is marvelled at daily by countless travellers on the Buffalo express trains on "America's Greatest Railway." On top of this rock is a lone white pine tree, there used to be two, which grew in the form of a tall Indian. The legend of these pines has been recorded by the author of these pages under the title of "The Story of Altar Rock" (Pennsylvania Mountain Stories, Bradford, Pa., 1907). Almost at the base of Altar Rock, resided Seth Iredell Nelson

(1809-1905) one of the greatest hunters of the Pennsylvania highlands. In his day he killed 2,000 deer, 500 elks, besides a hundred wolves and panthers. He killed the last glutton or wolverine in Pennsylvania in 1863. His home was a favorite stopping place for hunters and naturalists for many years. In 1897 and 1898 the noted scientist, S. N. Rhoads, of Philadelphia, author of "Mammals of Pennsylvania and New Jersey" (Philadelphia, 1903) was entertained there, and collected much valuable data relating to the flora and fauna of that region. Seth Iredell Nelson's son, Seth Nelson, Jr., resides in the old homestead, and acts as the guide to hunting parties in the fall. South of Driftwood, on the Bennett's Branch of the Sinnemahoning, the scenery is grand and varied. At Medix Run in 1853, eleven mature panthers were killed by the local hunters. Elks and beavers made their last stand at the "Divide" near the present town of Penfield, across the Clearfield County line.





The West Branch, near Westport, Clinton County.

IX. SNYDER COUNTY.

Swinefordstown, now Middleburg—The Mahanoy—Selin's Grove—Stump's Run—Fort Hendricks—Beaver Springs—The White Mountains—The Sink—The Indian Mound—New Berlin—LeRoy Spring—Penn's Creek Massacre.

NO MENTION of "Eldorado Found" could be made without including Snyder County. This County, which was set off from Union County in 1855, is named for Simon Snyder, at one time Governor of Pennsylvania. It is the home of romance, of legend, a veritable storehouse of records of the long ago. The road from Selin's Grove to Middleburg, formerly Swinefordstown, runs through a picturesque region, the Middle Creek Valley, and is replete with historic spots. To the north is the massive outline of Jack's Mountain, to the south the Shade Mountain range, to the east the majestic dome of Mahanoy Mountain rules the landscape. At Selin's Grove is the simple monument to Simon Snyder, "The Bull Driver," for three terms Governor of Pennsylvania, who died in 1819, aged 70 years, while a member of the Senate of Pennsylvania; the great statesman's quaint old residence, and the handsome, and for the most part modern buildings of Susquehanna University. Near Selin's Grove resided one of the last buffalo hunters, Daniel Ott, born May 27, 1820, and a man of un-

usually retentive memory and charm of manner. For years he carried on expeditions into the buffalo countries of the west. Selin's Grove is named for Capt. Anthony Selin, a Swiss, who was an officer in the Revolutionary War and a member of the Society of the Cincinnati. Along the road to Middleburg still stands the old blockhouse, called Fort Hendricks, a relic of colonial border warfare, also the scenes of several Indian massacres are pointed out. At Stump's Run, about half a mile east of Middleburg, was the scene of the murder of ten Indians by a Dutchman named Frederick Stump, and his servant, John Ironcutter, in 1768. The slayers were arrested but later a mob rescued them from the jail in Carlisle. Stump died many years afterwards at Millerstadt, now Woodstock, Va., while Ironcutter passed away at Hollidaysburg, Blair County, in 1830. On the road from Middleburg across Jack's Mountain, to Mifflinburg, formerly Youngmanstown, is the celebrated "Indian Mound," a sort of redskin Tower of Babel erected by a proud chieftain of ancient days, which brought only confusion to the Indian ruler and his people. It is a circular hillock, nearly a hundred feet high in the centre of a vast field, and is well worth a visit. See the writer's "More Pennsylvania Mountain Stories," Reading, 1913. Northeast of Middleburg is the picturesque old distillery, and the "Buffalo fields," nearby, were once a favorite haunt for the bison. The pass back to the bright-looking village of Troxelville leads to the famous "Sink" in the White



Scene of James Wylie Miller's First Exploit with Wolves,
Cameron County.

Mountains where the last herd of wild bison in Pennsylvania, some 300 in number, were wiped out by settlers, who found them "crusted" in the snow in January, 1799. See the author's "A Pennsylvania Bison Hunt," Middleburg, 1915. The Washington Inn at Middleburg is a quaint old-fashioned structure, and likewise was the courthouse until remodelled several years ago. The town also boasts of rival "Soldiers' Monuments." Further southwest is the town of McClure, formerly Stuckton, in the midst of wild and impressive mountain scenery. Beaver Springs, another nearby village, has a fine spring, and was once the scene of extensive operations of the beavers. Near Wagner, there are several large and partially unexplored caves on Shade Mountain. It is said no one has visited them in half a century. There is a pass, with much grand scenery, across the Shade Mountain from Beaver Springs, and another less frequently travelled at Wagner. New Berlin, once the seat of justice of Union County, is just over the border from the County of Snyder. It is a picturesque, yes beautiful, old town, one of the most charming spots in the Highlands. In the centre of the principal street runs a double row of gigantic maple trees. The old Kleckner House, headquarters of raftsmen returning to the highlands from Marietta, was burned down several years back, leaving an ugly scar on the village street, but the grand old courthouse is now a school, and the once popular Academy in its fine grove of ancient trees is worthy of a lengthy visit.

Another unique feature of New Berlin is that through every street can be obtained a view of the magnificent Jack's Mountain, frowning down on the historic town and its departed glories. The road from New Berlin to the LeRoy Spring and to the scene of the Penn's Creek massacre by Indians of 1755, along the shaded Karoondinha, is easily one of the most beautiful roads in the State. In October, 1915, the 160th anniversary of the massacre of Penn's Creek was fittingly commemorated by three days of exercises, which included an historical pageant depicting the massacre, held along the banks of the creek. A handsome marble and bronze monument to perpetuate the memory of the massacre erected by the Historical Commission of Pennsylvania was dedicated at this time. Snyder county possesses an active Historical Society which has done much to perpetuate the historic sites and memories on this beautful region. An extensive historical library is in process of formation, under the energetic management of W. M. Schnure.





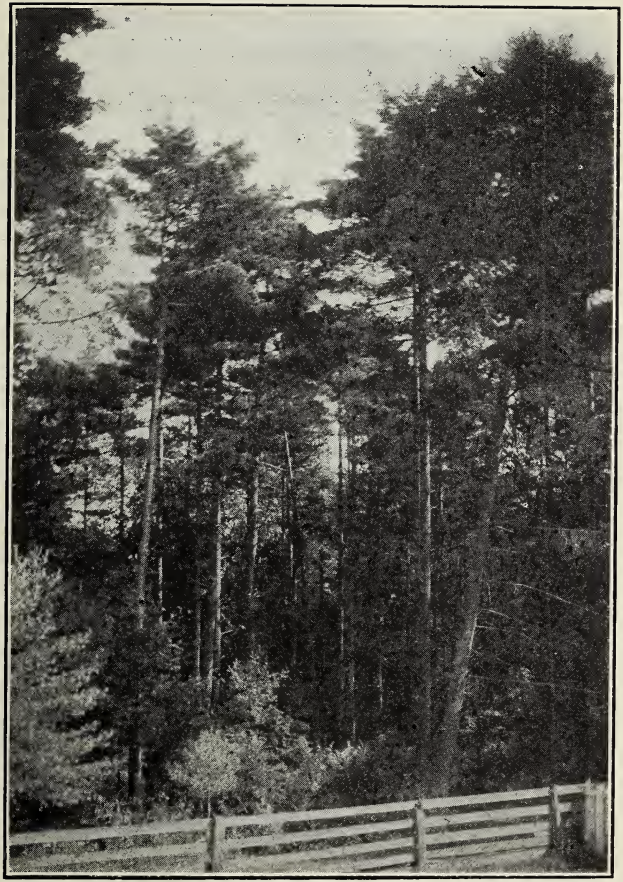
McElhattan Gap, Clinton County.

X. OTHER LOCALITIES.

The North Mountain—Fishing Creek Valley—Nordmont—Washingtonville — Orangeville — Shade Mountain — Tuckahoe—Sinking Creek Valley—Fort Roberdeau—Fort Roller—The Lead Mines—The Great Terrace—The Lion's Back—Greenwood Furnace.

THE NORTH MOUNTAIN Country has been so well explored and written about that it passes beyond the scope of these pages, but it has many points of interest to the nature lover and sportsman that a few words may be jotted down without danger of repetition. The drive up Fishing Creek Valley from Orangeville to Jamison City, Ganoga Lake, Nordmont and to Ricketts has been likened to one of the valleys in the French Alps or Switzerland. On the top of the mountains Col. R. Bruce Ricketts erected a picturesque retreat, and his tame bears were justly famous for some years. A sort of miniature Bern! The path from the lake down Kitchen's Creek, where there are five waterfalls in as many miles and through a growth of primeval hemlocks is declared to be as beautiful as any similar route in the Black Forest of Germany. In the heavy original hemlocks, Oscar Huff, a naturalist of Lewisburg, saw several pine martens in 1895 and 1896. These animals are now considered extinct in Pennsylvania. The North

Mountain Country differs from most sections of our Highlands inasmuch as there are many lakes, all situated on mountain tops of considerable altitude. Of these, Ganoga Lake, at an altitude of 2,500 feet is admitted to be the most beautiful. Berwick, Columbia County, at the starting point of a tour of Fishing Creek Valley, is justly celebrated as the site of one of the principal plants of the American Car and Foundry Company, and the home of the founder of the vast corporation, Clemuel R. Woodin, whose palatial home "The Heights" adorns one of the highest mountain tops. Elaborate automobile roads lead up the mountain from the town to this ideal residence. All the water, milk, vegetables, etc., are supplied on the mountain, so that it is justly said that the "Heights" could stand a seige from the Germans (not Pennsylvania Germans) for six months. The stone mansion of unusual design, built in 1891, commands an unparalleled view in every direction, even the Council Kup, near Wilkes-Barre, being plainly discerned on fine days. At Washingtonville, in Columbia County, is located the deer park and model farm of former Congressman Alex. Billmeyer. It is a famous resort for visitors from all sections of the State. In the village is an inn of individuality, formerly Fanny Hedden's Hotel, which is well worth an extended visit. At Orangeville is the ruins of a log fort built by "Copperheads," who resented being drafted into the Union Army during the Civil War. The valley from Orangeville to Watsontown on the Susquehanna is beautiful and fertile, re-



Roadside near "Lochabar," Lycoming County.

minding one of English Country landscape. On the southern border of our Highlands, Sinking Creek Valley in Blair County, is particularly attractive. Shut in by high mountains, it is like the Valais region in Switzerland. Elk Creek rises in this valley, flowing into the Juniata near Tyrone. The Indian Cave, with its subterranean stream, is one of the great natural wonders of the state, as is the Arch Spring, where a stream of pure water flows through a natural archway. At the west end of the valley on the William Myton farm, can be seen the ruins of the fort and magazine of Fort Roberdeau, well known in Revolutionary days. Across the Canoe Mountains stood Fort Roller, also of historic import. The Beaver Dam country in Catharine Township, is a wild region where some of the largest bodies of original timber in the State are still standing. Along the Bald Eagle Mountains (called locally Brush Mountains) on the north side of Sinking Valley, are the old lead mines used during the Revolutionary War. The Bald Eagle Mountains come to an end abruptly near Hollidaysburg, where a scene of unrivalled grandeur is presented. Near Hollidaysburg, the famous Pulpit Rocks of white limestone rising from the green foliage of the mountain tops present a unique appearance. West of Hollidaysburg in the direction of romantic McKee's Gap, the scenery culminates in the most magnificent mountain views in the State. From Newry churchyard can be obtained a panoramic view which impressed the early Swiss settlers to the extent of naming the region "The Schwytz" after their na-

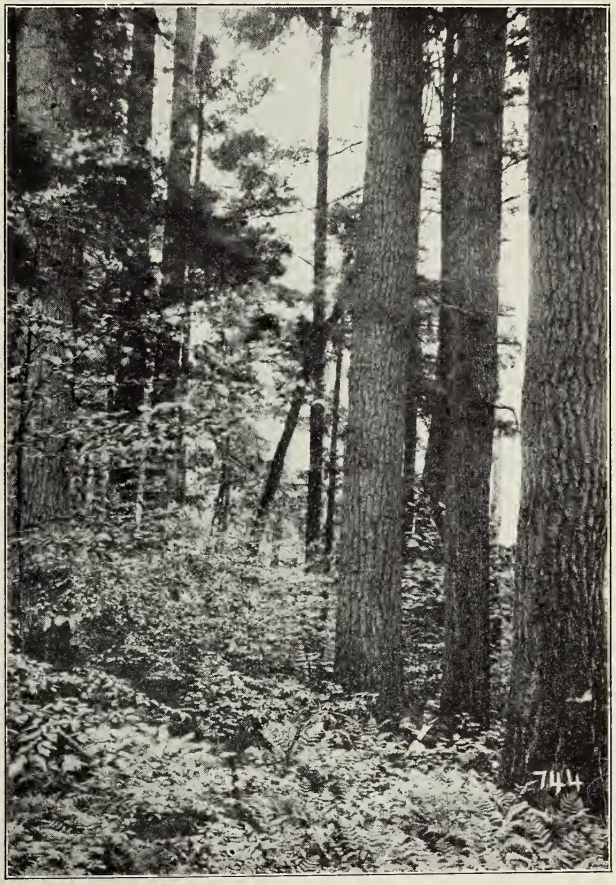
tive Canton in the Helvetian Republic. To the south rises the Blue Knob, the highest mountain in the State, towering above all its fellows, while west and north run the high, broad outlines of the main *massif* of the Alleghenies. It is a scene never to be forgotten, and invites travellers to closer acquaintance with these magnificent heights. The game has been pretty well hunted out of these high mountains, but the botanist and lover of trees can indulge his hobbies to the utmost. The Blue Knob is easiest climbed from Poplar Run, and the view from the summit well repays the effort. True nature lovers climb this summit the night before in order to enjoy the sunrise. The colors are said to equal those seen from the summit of the Rigi in Switzerland, to which thousands of Americans made pilgrimages annually before the outbreak of the Great War. The State of Pennsylvania should acquire and protect the Blue Knob, making it a park for the enjoyment of all the people all the time. The view from Bald Knob, a mountain almost as high as the Blue Knob, and a few miles further south is pronounced almost equally fine. West from Newry, the Portage Road, built before the construction of the Pennsylvania Railroad for transporting canal boats across the mountains, and the engineering masterpiece of Beverly Robinson, the noted Baltimore engineer, is, despite its dilapidated condition well worth a visit. The Prince Gallitzin Spring, in this locality, where a pergola and memorial fountain have recently been dedicated by the Young Men's Institute of Altoona, is vis-



Farm Wagon of 1840, in Brush Valley, Centre County.

ited by thousands of tourists and true sons of the Keystone State. At Gallitzin Admiral Peary, discoverer of the North Pole, is said to have been born, though Cresson also claims the honor. Burgoon's Gap and Burgoon's Run, the scene of much history making in Colonial days is worthy of visiting. It was in this vicinty that the Bedford Scouts were murdered by Tories led by the notorious Hare, and where Captain Logan, Blair County's Indian chief, turned the tables on the cowardly foes. At Altoona, the Logan House, a magnificent hotel built by the Pennsylvania Railroad in 1852 is worthy of a visit. Of it a well known English traveller said: "It is better than any hotel in Europe and equal to any in America." The Logan House was the scene of the historic "War Governor's Conference" held on September 24, 1862, which historians declare to be the pivotal point of the great Civil War. Some day it is hoped a bronze tablet erected by the newly-formed Historical Society of Blair County will mark this important structure. East of Altoona is Tuckahoe Valley, which extends to Tyrone. In this valley near Martin Bell's old stack, Captain Logan lived for several years. His spring on the Shawver farm is worthy of a visit. However, Captain Logan's main place of abode, at the mouth of the Logan Valley, was at the Logan Spring in the heart of the present city of Tyrone. He must not be confused with his brother James Logan, he of the big spring near Reedsville. In Spruce Creek Valley, the clubhouses of the Spruce Creek Country Club

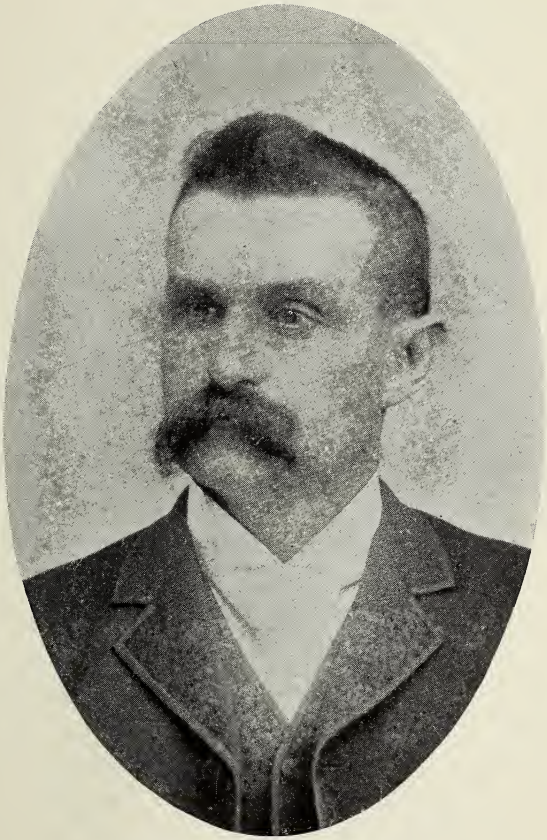
and Fairbrook Country Club, the latter the former home of John Lyon, an early ironmaster, are among the most picturesque spots in the highlands. Huntingdon County, birthplace of Governor Brumbaugh, contains many points of scenic and historic interest. Trough Creek Valley, where the Governor spent his boyhood, is a veritable panorama of magnificent views and vistas. The scenery from the county seat, Huntingdon, formerly Standing Stone Town, is particularly fine. From the hills back of Juniata College a superb view of the Great Terrace to the southeast, a mountain of commanding proportions is obtained. Jack's Mountain range, along the skyline to the west and southwest, and the Gap of Mount Union are clearly discernible in the distance. From all the streets leading up to the hill on which the college is located, is a good view of the "Lion's Back," a mountain which is partially cleared, the upper portion still wooded, resembling the hoary shoulders and head of the King of Beasts. A sympathetic picture of Juniata College, Huntingdon, and the surrounding country is given in Prof. David Emmert's book "History of Juniata College," published in 1901. Northeast of Huntingdon eighteen miles, reached by driving roads and bridle paths is Greenwood Furnace, a fine old manorial estate, now a part of the Pennsylvania Forest Reserve, but once the site of a famous charcoal forge. A description of these old furnaces and the almost feudal life of their owners and managers is given in Hon. R. A. Zentmyer's excellent book "Early Iron Furnaces of



Original White Pines on the Wheeler Tract.
(Courtesy Pennsylvania Dept. of Forestry.)

the Juniata Valley," published in Altoona, 1916, a book which by the way should be read by every lover of early Pennsylvania days. The natural scenery of Huntingdon County, especially along the Pennsylvania Railroad, is being seriously marred by the sand rock men, who are tearing down in a few years for a few dollars mountains that nature took millions of years to perfect. In Clearfield County, even within view of the mighty Knobs, is the curious little village of Frenchville. It was settled nearly a century ago by stalwart colonists from Picardy, men and women who have left an impression on the community in which they lived. True to their ancient faith, St. Mary's-on-the-Mountain stands like a bulwark of Roman Catholicism on the backbone of the Pennsylvania Highlands. The French language is spoken by all the residents of Frenchville, old and young, but they are such true Americans that when the writer drove into the town on July 14, 1912, with a French flag in the whip-socket of his buggy, not a soul could name the holiday which called forth this display of the tri-color or tell the nationality of the flag. Besides giving the names to Frenchville and Le Conte's Mills, Loup Run was also named by the French pioneers, but alas modern map makers call it "Loop" Run, and wonder how it got its name. Near Frenchville, at the mouth of the Moshannon, the Rolling Stone, a huge boulder left from the Glacial period, is well worth a visit. The annual Frenchville picnics held near Kylertown, attended by thousands of persons are extremely picturesque events.

Karthaus, an old town near the mouth of Mosquito Creek, once noted for its mining and lumbering interests, is well worth a visit. It is stated that 360,000,000 feet of white pine timber was floated down Mosquito Creek, but all that glory is departed. When the first lumbermen entered the gorge, they encountered an aged hermit called "The Old Man of the Storm," who kept close to his cave in good weather, but sallied forth in bad weather in search of food. William Murdock, a prominent attorney of Milton, has commemorated the life of this strange character in a poem which was published in the Altoona Tribune in June, 1916. Near Karthaus, until the railway to Clearfield was built in 1901, could be seen "The Cross on the Rock," a great natural wonder, a perfect cross of heroic proportions, carved on a rock along the river. Fortunately an excellent photograph of the remarkable natural curiosity is in existence. Bilger's Rocks, a titanic natural formation near Curwensville, Clearfield County, is well worth the dignity of a *side* trip. Near Westover, in Clearfield County, in 1876, two boys, aged 10 and 12 years, respectively—Joe and Oliver Lenhart—armed with a rusty old shot gun killed an eleven foot panther. Such are the vicissitudes of the chase! The Altoona Tribune Publishing Company in 1914 issued John H. Chatham's great epic poem "The Indian Steps," the versified account of the great battle of 1635, between the Susquehannocks and Lenni-Lenape in which the Susquehannocks under the great war chief Pipsisseway were overwhelmingly victorious.

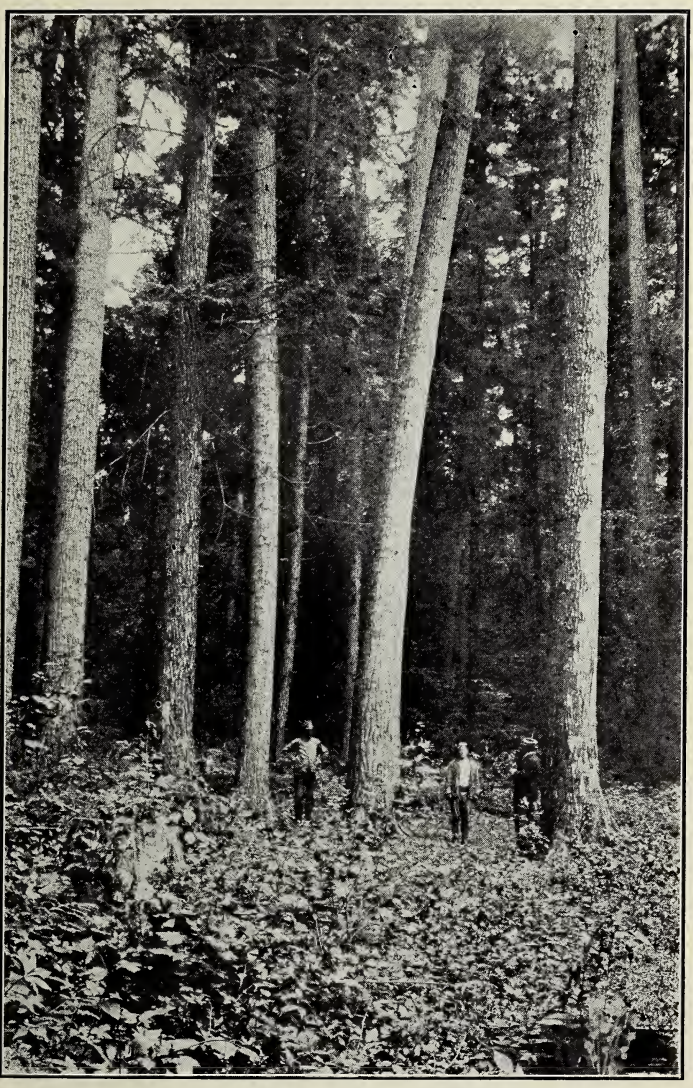


JACOB K. HUFF, (1850-1910)
The Philosopher of the Central Pennsylvania Highlands.

"The Indian Steps" proper, a series of stone steps across the Tussey Mountains, can be reached on the Isaac Cooper farm near Rock Spring in Spruce Creek Valley, not far from Pennsylvania Furnace. Antiquarians are advised to secure copies of Mr. Chatham's book before visiting the scene of this mighty struggle of early days. Mr. Chatham feels the thrill of the Central Pennsylvania Highlands; he can transcribe it as no one else except Jacob Huff, or "Jake Haiden" was able to do in his human interest stories published in the Reading Times some years ago—the scenes being taken from real life in the valley of the West Branch. Visitors to Central Pennsylvania should by all means take a "side trip" to the Cornplanter Reservation, eleven miles north of Warren, Warren County, on the Oh-eu, or "The Beautiful River," as the Indians called the Allegheny river. They *never* applied the name Allegheny to the river, only to the mountains, the name meaning "here many streams head." On this reservation of fifteen hundred acres which was given to Chief Ga-ni-o-de-uh, or Cornplanter and descendants in perpetuity in 1790 for his services at the Treaty of Fort Stanwix, reside about 200 Indians, mostly Senecas and mostly descendants of Cornplanter. The grave of Cornplanter, erected by the State of Pennsylvania in 1868, is a handsome marble shaft in the centre of the old Indian burial ground. Cornplanter, who was born in 1727 and died in 1835 was one of a coterie of immortal Indian warriors and orators which included Blacksnake, who died

in 1858, and Red Jacket, who died in 1831. One of the most interesting Indians on the reservation, Jesse Logan, the grandson of Captain John Logan, "Blair County's Indian Chief," died on February 17, 1916, in the 108th year of his age. Many of the old Indian manners and customs are preserved at the reservation. The Reservation is attractively situated at the foot of high hills on the west bank of the "Oh-eu" and can be reached by old-fashioned rope-ferry boats from Gawango and Carydon stations on the P. R. R. South of Warren, on the "Beautiful River," is the before-mentioned Wheeler tract of original white pine timber, which should be visited soon by every "Pennsylvania Pilgrim" before its "glory has departed."



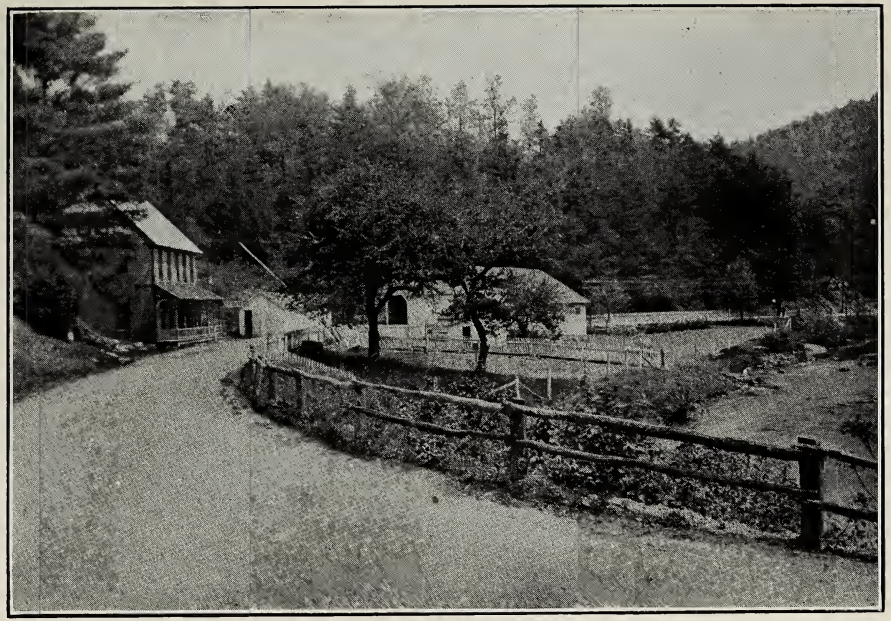


Original or "Mast" Pines, on Wheeler Tract.
(Courtesy Pennsylvania Dept. of Forestry.)

XI. INDIANS.

LIKE the Highlands of Scotland, the Central Pennsylvania Highlands have been from time immemorial a battleground between strong peoples. At the Standing Stone which stood on the site of Stone Town, now Huntingdon, there were as many battles fought with as alternating results as at Czernowitz. The Battle of the Indian Steps, in Spruce Creek Valley, on the borders of Centre and Huntingdon Counties, fought in 1635, equalled many of the great conflicts of the Civil War, both in fierceness and the number of men employed. It might be called an Aboriginal Gettysburg. Every one of our hills has been the theatre of a skirmish at some time and is the sepulcre of some Indian brave, every plain has witnessed the rise and fall of conquest, every spring has slaked the thrist of battle-worn or wounded braves, every creek has been crossed by invading forces, every river has been the bosom on which floated the warrior's canoes, watchfires have glowed from every mountain peak, every glade has served for ambush and surprise—all this in "Indian Days" so called, before the white men, hardy Ulster Scots and sturdy Dutch and Germans, penetrated into Eldorado Found. With the coming of the white men the red races, exhausted by internal struggles, soon found that instead of rest they must fight to repel a new foe. While most of the names of

the warriors bold who led the Susquehannocks, the Lenni-Lenape, the Oneidas and the Tuscaroras in days gone by are lost to us, even most of the localities where they fought and bled, the struggle with the white interlopers brought forward a new race of Indian heroes, whose names are literally "on the waters and cannot be blotted out." Though many of the early battle-grounds are fading into oblivion, and Indian camp sites are forgotten, the forts from where the white men sallied are being speedily marked through the efforts of the State Historical Commission and private enterprise. But the names of most of the great Indian warriors are known, and will never be forgotten while civilization lasts and marble endures. And there are also the chiefs friendly to the white newcomers, and those who fought with the whites against the French or British. Of relentless foes of the white race may be said to belong the most patriotic and noble of the redmen of the Central Pennsylvania Highlands. Chief of these is James Logan, or Tah-Gah-Jute, "The Beetling Browed," who mourned for the loss of his home and family by many a silent pool or rocky marge. Though his grave is unknown, his favorite springs and resting places are well known, his name is perpetuated in a spring, a mountain, a township and several post offices. His brother, Captain John Logan, equally valiant as a friend of the better element of the white settlers, "lives on" through two springs, four runs, a township, several post offices and a huge hotel named in his honor. But lost is his grave somewhere up at Cold Spring in

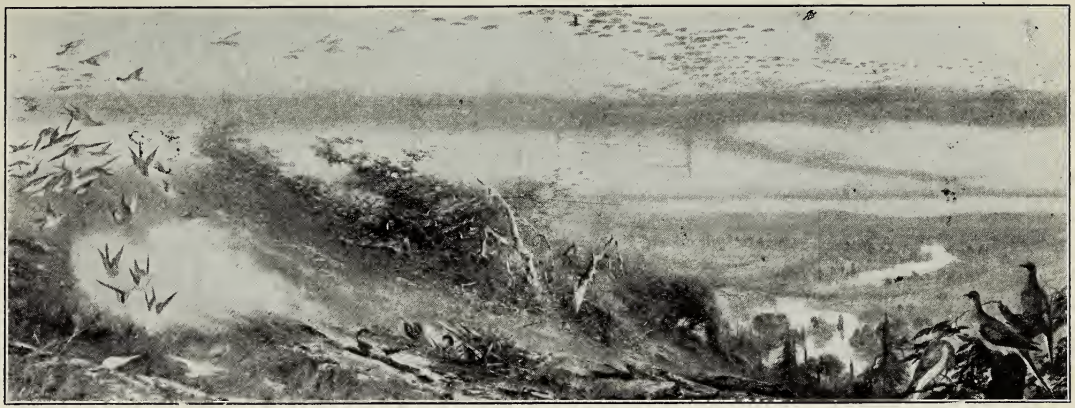


A Relic that can be dispensed with. Toll-gate in Elk Creek Narrows, Centre County.

the Allegheny Indian Reservation in New York. Teedyuscung, the last King of the Lenni Lenape, was murdered at Nescopeck by Mingoes, his body was brought down the Susquehanna to the Mahantango Mountain, opposite Liverpool, where Nature in an awful catacylsm the night of his interment cut his bold profile indelibly on the mountainside. He was an implacable foe of the white invasion, and died stripped of everything possessable. Lappowinzo, who lived at the foot of Mount Nittany, in Centre County, was another Lenni-Lenape ruler whom the whites defrauded of his all through the nefarious "Walking Purchase" in 1737. It is said that his tall spirit stalks o'er the campus of State College on windy nights, inspecting lands rightfully his, being especially fond of the "ghost walk." And Galasko, who loved Regina Hartman, and slew her white admirer, Anders Boone, at Fort Freeland; Hiakatoo, who figured at the same massacre, though later the husband of Mary Jemison, "The White Woman of the Genessee," and last but not least, the sombre spirit of Waupalanne, or Bald Eagle, for whom a mountain range is named, but whom the fair Mary Wolford spurned, and died in Young Woman's Creek, escaping from him. Their restless lives were true to their barbaric instincts, to the glory of the wild mountains, and their spirits find no rest in death. Immortality is not for everyone, it is achievable, the narrow selfish life has no soul's essence to perpetuate, the grand free lover of mountain and waterfall is as imperishable spiritually, as

are the rocks in physical nature. And it will only be through a love of all that is beautiful and historically venerable in the Central Pennsylvania Highlands that its people can evolve into the plane of the immortals. Just now it is a rich field for the spread of Vachel Lindsay's "Gospel of Beauty." To live amid such beauty, to see it not, to have no other impulse toward it but to destroy it for unnecessary riches, where comes the need of Paradise any more than for the caterpillar plodding up a tree. See this fair world, love it, protect its natural wonders, be of such material as the Gods. A person who would wreck the scenic beauties along the Juniata, for instance, for pelf, would want to tear up the Golden Streets—if ever such a creature could get to Glory. Oh, for a Billy Sunday to get after these terrible stone men!



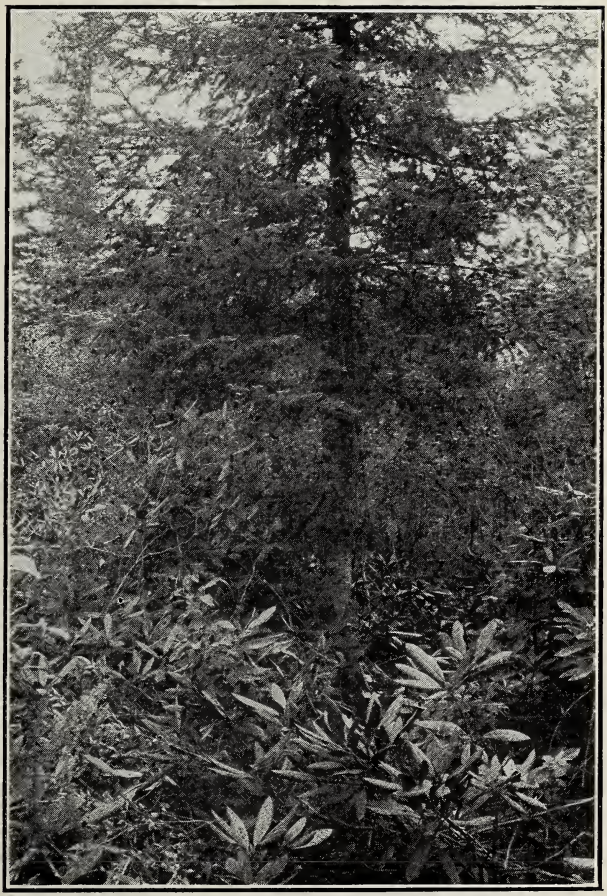


The Flight of the Wild Pigeons.
(From the painting by C. H. Shearer.)

XII. GAME, FISH, FORESTS.

REGARDING game, fish and forests, suffice to say that a majority of these essentials to a wild country still remaining in Pennsylvania are to be found in the Central Pennsylvania Highlands. The noblest of our game birds, the wild turkey, the range of which never extends north of the West Branch of the Susquehanna, is most plentiful in the "Seven Brothers" as the Seven Mountains are frequently called. From 1885 to 1905 the "king of game birds" suffered a serious decrease in numbers, some writers classing it as extinct in Pennsylvania, but during the past ten years it has become numerous again, and in the face of frequent forest fires, indiscriminate hunting and the steady decrease of its natural cover. The wild pigeons whose flights formerly darkened the sun have gone never to return; they nested on Mt. Logan, in Wayne Township, Clinton County, until about 1865, and at the head of Young Woman's Creek, in the same county, until 1892. The ruffed grouse are becoming scarcer every year; they cannot stand the forest fires and loss of cover; they are deteriorating with the destruction of the fox and wild cat which preyed on weakly and sickly specimens; perhaps the only way to save them would be to abolish the bird

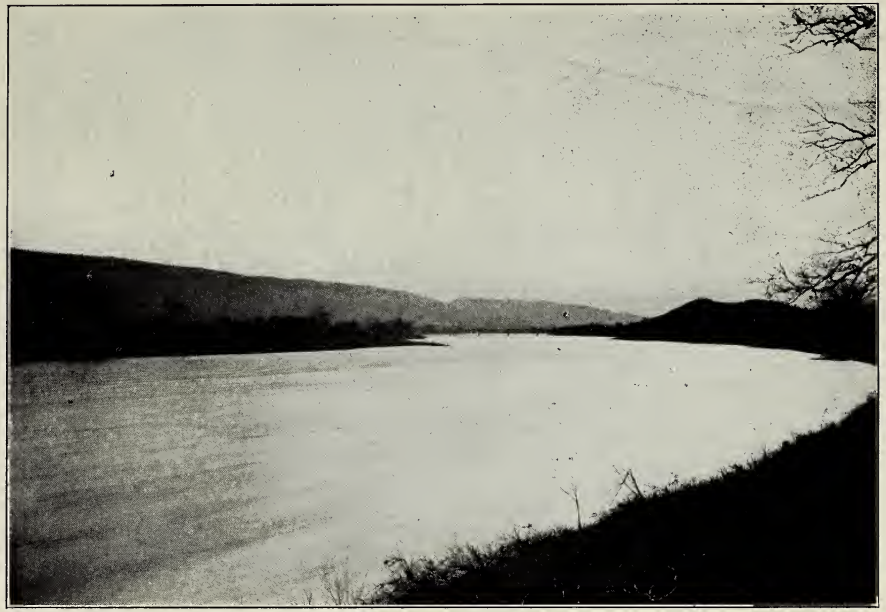
dog for several years. Quail are almost a thing of the past, rats and other pests destroy their nests now that minks and weasels have been wiped out for the pernicious bounty money. Woodcocks are almost unknown to the rising generation of hunters. The paroquet is gone, and the heath-cock which was known on some of the high mountains adjacent to White Deer Creek is seen no more. Eagles are occasionally noted and all varieties of hawks and owls have about ceased to exist, the bounty law of 1913, repealed too late, having been responsible for the annihilation of the farmers' best friends. The picturesque rattle of the Kingfisher or Halcyon is becoming rare on our streams, and the shrill lonesome cry of of the Blue Jay is less frequently heard. Two severe losses economically and spiritually to our *ferae naturae*. Ravens nest on a few of the higher mountains, crows are numerous, the latter more numerous than in Colonial days according to the naturalist John H. Chatham. Rabbits are nowhere plentiful, porcupines are rarely met with, consequently the pine beetle's ravages are unchecked, opossums have increased since 1905, their greater numbers being coincident with the renaissance of the wild turkey, probably a southern migration. Raccoons are scarce, ground hogs or "wood chucks" about stationary in numbers, grey and red foxes much fewer than a year ago, wild cats decreasing fast, squirrels are everywhere decreasing rapidly. The red and grey squirrels are most often met with, while the black squirrel is



Scene in Bare Meadows, Centre County.

rarely seen in his old haunts along the main chain of the Allegheny Mountains or the "Canadian life zone." The fox squirrel of the Seven Mountains is even rarer. The last native elk in the Seven Mountains was killed at the head of Treaster Valley in 1847, a stray elk was killed in Decker Valley in 1877. None have been seen since then. The larger variety of deer (*Odoicoleus Borealis Miller*) are extinct. Sharon Schwenk killed one in Chadwick's Gap, the last one seen in Sugar Valley in 1905. The true type of the smaller or southern variety is probably no more, but *Kalbfus deer*, i. e. crossbreeds between the small native type and Kansas, Michigan and Texas deer, imported into Pennsylvania by Dr. J. H. Kalbfus, State Game Commissioner, are on the increase, especially in Centre and Clinton Counties. The red bear is probably nearly extinct, the black bear lingers on, a noble game animal but hunted too hard to last more than ten years more. The grey timber wolf is extinct, but the wily black wolf turns up every few years to confute his mourners; specimens have been seen in Penn's Valley as late as 1908; the old hunters aver that panthers still travel through Treaster Valley on their regular paths. Clem Herlacher robbed their nests in 1892 and 1893; Dr. J. T. Rothrock heard their roaring in Treaster Valley during 1893. As to forests, patches of original timber are still met with, some of it luckily on the State lands where it has a *chance* of protection. The white pine attained its maximum of de-

velopment in Sugar Valley, Brush Valley, Penn's Valley and in the adjacent mountains as the mammoth stump fences still in use after sixty years will testify. White pine was so plentiful in Sugar Valley in 1865 when first visited by the Poet-Naturalist John H. Chatham that fields filled with barkless girdled trees loomed on every side. Daniel Mark, of Loganton, born in 1835, says that the biggest white pine in Sugar Valley stood near the mouth of Schwenk's Gap and was 270 feet in height. A hemlock in Kleckner's woods, on the outskirts of Loganton, felled in 1898, was nearly as tall. It was a red hemlock, and much larger than any of the white hemlocks in the same grove which grew thick on the hillside sloping down to Fishing Creek. There are several fine bodies of hemlock still standing in Sugar Valley and Penn's Valley, a few small plots of white pine still linger along the central drift or ridge in Penn's Valley. Some fine groves of white oak still remain in Sugar Valley. Here and there at springs all over the Highlands splendid specimens of tupelo are standing. The prop timber men with their narrow gauge railways cleaned off the last great body of original yellow pine —the Pardee holdings of 23,000 acres—winding up about ten years ago. The paper mill men and the forest fires are fast getting the rest. Song birds, such as the wood robin, the fairest singer of our woodlands, and the rarer warblers are most frequently heard in the original timber, it is their natural *habitat.* Sugar Valley, up to ten years ago, was superbly tim-



The West Branch below Lock Haven.

bered, but a narrow gauge railway from White Deer carried away in a few years what would have given the farmers' sons winter work for the next fifty winters. Result: Many boys forced to leave the farm, many farms abandoned because they would not pay without lumbering. A cheap prosperity, easy money, easy spent, automobiles and regrets. Penn's Valley is being lumbered off gradually, a much more sensible way. Rafting and log floating carried away most of the timber in the valleys of the Sinnemahoning, the West Branch and the Tiadaghton; in the tributary streams "splash dams" were built, mostly by New Englanders, which carried the logs into the rivers and thence to the booms at Lock Haven and Williamsport. The last log went down the West Branch in 1910, the next year the Williamsport boom was taken out, the lumber business on a large scale ceased to exist as no one thought to replant or save the young growth from the forest fires. A few rafts, mostly of prop timber, come down the West Branch every spring. According to "Baldy" Fosnot, the brilliant editor of Watsontown, "last rafts" are getting to be as big a chestnut as Sara Bernhardt's "farewell tours." The trout streams of Central Pennsylvania were sadly battered by running logs, the natural pools, sogs and stones were smoothed away by the timber; the native suckers became extinct in White Deer Creek, though the trout seemed to be fairly abundant. Weikert Run, rising in the wild region known as "Wolfland," is

about the best trout stream in Eldorado Found. White Deer Creek, especially the South Branch, has many excellent pools, as has Chatham's Run, Lick Run, Rattlesnake Run, Fish Dam Run, Baker Run, McElhattan Run, Antes Run and Henry Run. For open bank fishing Fishing Creek is "hard to beat," also Spring Creek and Elk Creek. The Sinnemahoning, the West Branch, the Bald Eagle Creek and Tiadaghton are polluted from paper mills, tanneries, acid works, dynamite factories and sewers; fishing in them is negligible. For suckers, chubs, bass, etc., the Karoondinha presents many attractions. White Deer Creek can be best reached from White Deer on the P. & R. Railway, or its headwaters from Loganton and those of Fishing Creek, via motor stage from Lock Haven. Weikert Run is near Weikert Station on the Lewisburg and Tyrone Railway, which connects with the P. R. R. at Lewisburg. Cherry Run, another excellent stream, is reached by the L. & T., as are all the points on the Karoondinha. Chatham's Run, McElhattan Run and Henry Run are all reached from McElhattan, near Lock Haven, on the P. R. R. Lick Run empties into the West Branch at Farrandsville, a station near Lock Haven; Quinn's Run lies between Lick Run and Lock Haven. Rattlesnake Run, Kettle Creek, Fishdam, Baker, etc., are near Whetham, Westport and Cook's Run on the P. R. R above Lock Haven, respectively. In addition to these every gap or hollow has its stream, most of them with a fair number of fish. The old fashioned Pennsylvania Mountain



A Bark Cabin, Potter County.

trout is fast becoming rare; in its place a lighter colored trout, turned out by the State or private hatcheries is in evidence. Brown trout are met with more often every year. They do well in streams where the water becomes low in midsummer. Everywhere in our "Highlands" trout fishing would be good but for the "fish hogs" who dynamite the streams; but they are no worse than the corporations who kill fish wholesale in the rivers with their foul poisons. The great glory of the Pennsylvania forests is enhanced by the blossoms, flowering shrubs and wild flowers which follow one another by seasons in marvellous profusion. From the first appearance of the June Berry blossoms on the brown mountain sides, looking like patches of snow-skiff, until the appearance of chestnut blossoms in July, there is a constant pageant of beauty. The wild cherry, the dogwood, the acacia, all are wonderfully beautiful, and the odor of the white acacia brings back memories of Paris before the Great War. Of flowering shrubs, the spice bushes glow with gold, along the streams in early spring. There is the wax like wild white hyderangia, the wild honeysuckle in white and pink and red which remains all too briefly, making way for laurel, similarly graded in colors, then for a brief time in July the dark original forests and creek-glades dazzle with the snowy whiteness of the rhododendron; then comes the sumac tinging red, a faint intimation of a change in season, warming the wind-swept upland pastures in contrast to the neutral tints of the wild cotton and mullein. Of wild flowers barely before the

snow has vanished comes the wood anenome or windflower, then comes the bloodroot, the Liverwort, Blue and Dog Toothed (yellow) violets, and the Pyxie, all full blown before the end of April, followed closely by the Pink Lady's slipper, the flowers of which, detached from their stems, resemble ducks and will float like them in a basin of water. Then there is the wild geranium or cranesbill, the Canada mayflower, the May apple, the Wistaria-like clusters of the blue Lupine, the scarlet and yellow stripes of the wild columbine, and the Painted Trillium, all well flowered by the end of May. With June comes the Blue Weed, a desert flower, the pink firewood, a rainbow after disaster, the Partridge vine, the evening primrose, the baneberry and the sweet pepper bush. July brings to the Highlands the Black Snake root, with its long stalk and white tuft, the New Jersey tea (*Canothus Americanus*) which once started an industry that bid fair to rival Japan in the Bald Eagle Mountains, near McElhattan (Clinton County), swamp milkweed, wild sunflower and butterfly weed. The white and pink delicate shades of early spring have now given way to the deep reds, purples and yellows of the declining summer, for with August comes the Cardinal flower by the lazy streams, the Blazing Star, the Joe Pye Weed, the Golden Rod, the Turk's Cap Lily, the Tansy, Touch-me-not, Ironweed, with the chaste whiteness of the Great Burnet, the Yarrow and the Boneset. With September and chilly nights come the hawkweed, New England asters, blue wood asters, white heath asters and swamp sunflowers,



A Pure Stand of Original White Pine.
(Courtesy Penn. Dept. of Forestry.)

sombre tints and shades, the asters lingering through many a cold night after the black crickets have ceased. The yellow and pink tints of the spring foliage of the trees give way to the deep green of June and July, after which comes the occasionally greying of the leaf tips, then a gradually assuming of the orange and buff, and scarlet and purple of the autumn, when these bright colored trees stand out among the blackness of the pines and hemlocks. The words of Amiel are recalled: "The leaves are thinning and changing color; I watch them turning red on the pear trees, gray on the plum, yellow on the walnut trees, and tinging the thickly-strewn turf with shades of reddish-brown." While all seasons in the Pennsylvania wilderness are a delight, the writer likes best Spring and Fall, as incident to change, for is not all life change, with the hope of the morrow the germ of our progress. The era of the peepers (*Hylodes Pickeringii*) from the middle of March until Memorial Day symbolizes the period of growth; on Memorial Day often the first black crickets, "fall crickets" are heard, meaning that the summit has been reached, Summer is here, *this is fulfillment* they seem to sing, the peepers have dwindled to an occasional *solo;* with the oats harvest the katydids are in full chorus on the pale moonlight nights with the frost hanging just behind the hill, Fall is coming, the *summit has been passed* they call; and yet the black cricket which sang first on the crest of Nature's development is the last to be heard, in the cold dry grass of October he sings of *Fall and death.* Then he hides

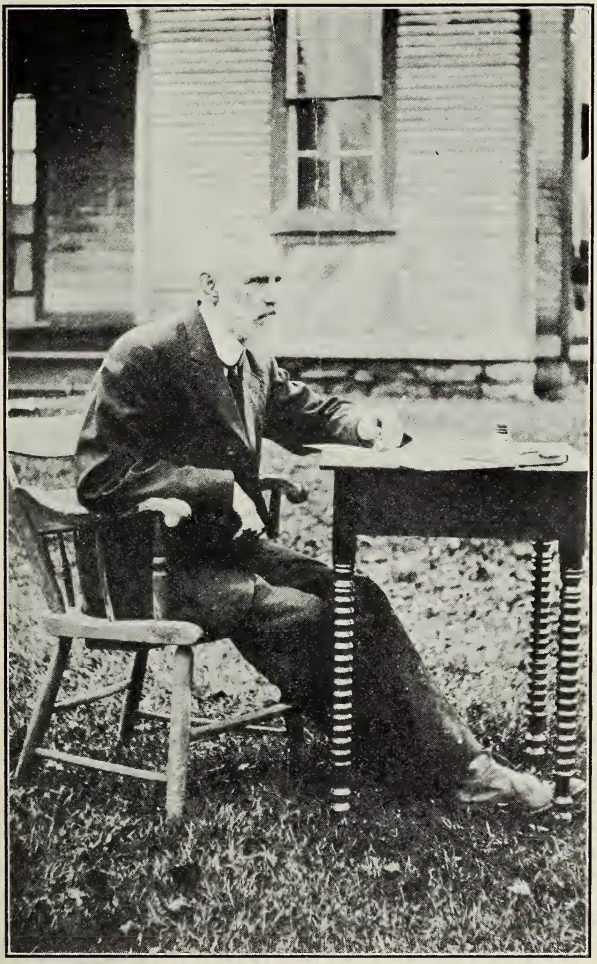
himself away among the last grey leaves. These little creatures are the real accents of existence, all else are only overtones. In retrospect we can see the year's progress, like in the period of the Indian Summer all the rarest days of the year pass in review, blended into a beautiful and bewitching entity which is the wraith of all our hopes, which alas are done. We cannot regain the lost days of May, or August consequently cannot re-create past opportunities, yet we see the glorious possibility of what might have been in Indian Summer by far the loveliest season of the year. Perhaps by this living over again of past beauties and ungrasped opportunities we are but preparing ourselves for a season of perpetual sunshine—somewhere beyond the mountains. For a legend of "Indian Summer" in Central Pennsylvania, see the author's "Tales of the Bald Eagle Mountains," Reading, 1912. The writer has been asked for a census of the wild animals, or rather the "big game" now living in the Central Pennsylvania Highlands. After careful investigation the following figures have been prepapred:

DEER, mostly mixed varieties or "Kalbfus" deer 1,200

ELK, western elks released during the past decade by Dr. J. H. Kalbfus..... 12

BLACK BEARS, more killed annually than are born 100

RED BEARS, on the verge of extinction, the survivors should be taken alive and placed



JOHN H. CHATHAM,
"The Bard of Central Pennsylvania."

in Philadelphia or Reading Zoological Gardens 2

BLACK WOLVES, in wilds of Seven Mountains 2

PANTHERS, visitors from West Virginia to Treaster Valley, Mifflin County and Rock Run, Centre County..... 4

WILD CATS, unmercifully hunted, more killed annually than born..... 100

BEAVERS, wanderers, driven from post to pillar, with no *real* protection..... 2

GREY FOXES, unmercifully hunted, more killed than born. They deserve protection as foes of rats which eat the eggs and young of ruffed grouse and quails.....1,200

RED FOXES, unmercifully hunted, more killed than born 800

BLACK FOXES, seen occasionally..... 2

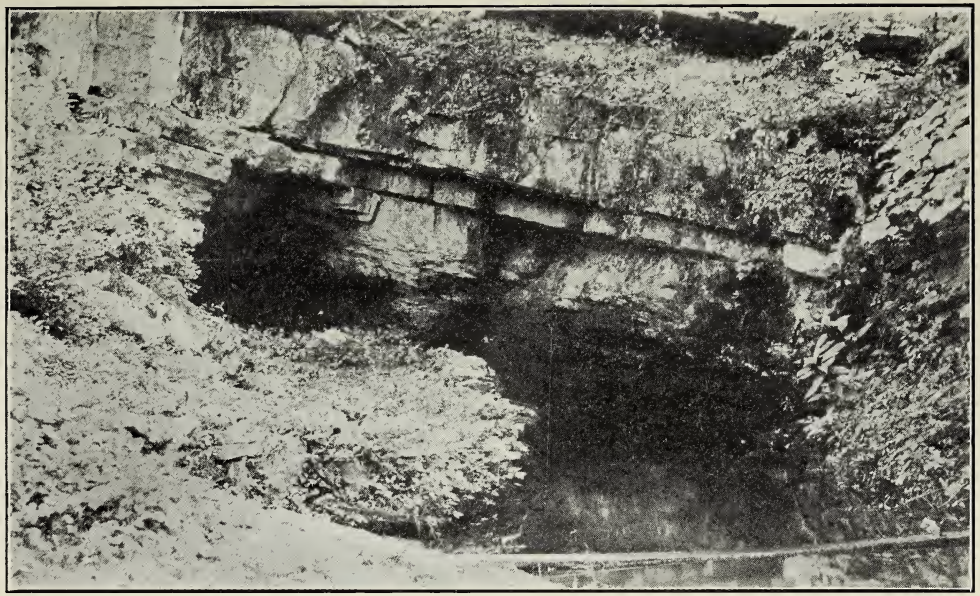
PORCUPINES, valuable animals, deserving rigid protection as foes of the destructive pine beetle 100

OTTERS, wanderers, mostly found on the Karoondinha and White Deer Creek..... 6

XIII. THE PENNSYLVANIA ALPINE CLUB.



ONE AFTERNOON in the early Spring of 1915, George W. Wagenseller, editor of the "Middleburg Post," J. Herbert Walker, associate editor of the "Lewisburg Journal," and the writer (publisher of the "Altoona Tribune") were driving down Middle Creek Valley from Middleburg, formerly Swinefordstown to Selin's Grove, to pay a visit to Daniel Ott, the famous buffalo hunter, whose death at the good old age of 96 years occurred in July, 1916. In the foreground, beyond the Susquehanna loomed the giant form of Mahanoy Mountain dominating the landscape, seemingly omnipresent from every point of view. While admiring and marvelling at this titan of mountains, it was suggested that it would be a good idea to start an Alpine Club, a Pennsylvania Alpine Club, for the purpose of climbing and exploring the best known of the peaks in the Central Pennsylvania Highlands, for all the party confessed that none of them had ever scaled the Mahanoy, and many other nearby peaks were *terra incognita* to them. Besides the inspiring joy of climbing these lofty mountains the purposes of the club would be to study the history and



Entrance to Penn's Cave, Centre County.

legends, the fauna, avifauna and flora of the mountains and strive to protect and preserve them for future generations of loyal Pennsylvanians. For instance in most accessible localities the Arbutus or Mayflower is all but extinct. The erection of shelter-huts and observatories on the topmost summits would be encouraged. The ultimate aim of the club would be to induce the State to purchase all the leading mountain peaks and to dedicate them to the public as parks forever. About a month later, the subject was brought up in the presence of Frank Hastings (whom State Treasurer Young calls "The Most Popular Man in Altoona"), John D. Meyer and former Senator Enos M. Jones, leading citizens of Altoona, who were enthusiastic over the idea and immediately planned an excursion to climb the Blue Knob—literally at Altoona's back door, and the highest mountain in the Keystone State. It was suggested that chapters of the Pennsylvania Alpine Club be formed all over the Commonwealth, but especially in towns adjacent to the high peaks. The members of the club would constitute themselves into un-official guards for the great mountains, ever looking after their welfare and protection, spreading abroad their fame, enlisting new friends in their behalf. As yet, the Pennsylvania Alpine Club is not a reality—except in the minds of its enthusiastic projectors, but surely it will fill a needed place, a sort of advanced Boy Scout organization where statesmen, bankers and publishers can find surcease of business cares amid the sylvan slopes of the monarchs of our

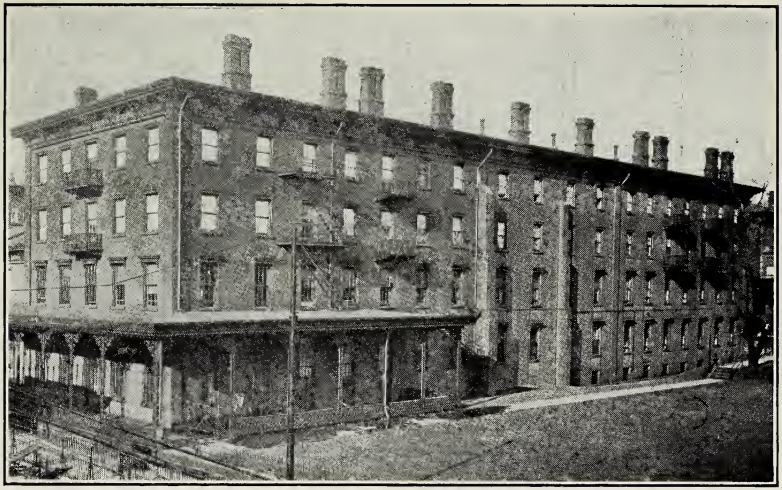
Highlands. Annual "hikes" to the top of the local mountain or mountains could be made, with monthly excursions perhaps to peaks located further from home. There is a powerful "Society for the Protection of the Adirondacks" in New York; the Pennsylvania Alpine Club could accomplish much the same purpose in our Commonwealth. Among the mountains to be climbed and studied would be such titans as Savage Mountain, Dyke's Peak, Mount Pipsisseway, Mount Logan, Flat Rock Point and Hyner Mountain in Clinton County, Shreiner Mountain, the Red Top, Tussey Knob, Bald Top, Mount Nittany and Beech Creek Knob, in Centre County; Mount Wyckoff, Mount Logue, Mount Berfield, Mount Mason and Mount Barclay in Cameron County, the three Knobs of Clearfield County; Jack's Mountain, Big Buffalo Mountain and Paddy Mountain in Union County; Tea Knob, Pewterbaugh Mountain and North Mountain Point in Lycoming County; Montour Dome and Mahanoy Mountain in Northumberland County; White Mountain Pinnacle in Snyder County; McAllister's High Point in Juniata County; Milliken's High Top, Treaster Knob and Havice Summit in Mifflin County; Mount Union and the Great Terrace in Huntingdon County; the Blue Knob, the Big Bald Mountain in Bedford County and Wopsononock in Blair County. What Pennsylvanians apart from surveyors like William P. Mitchell and Flavius J. David, or naturalists like Dr. J. T. Rothrock have climbed all of these eminences and "seen the glory of the world"; they must



FIRE LOOKOUT STATION,
Summit of Paddy Mountain.

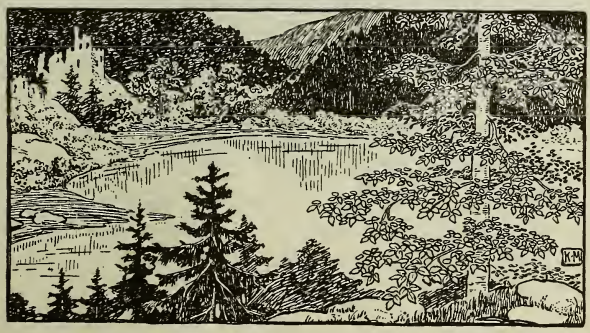
have emulators in the rising generation to send forward the love and fascination of the Pennsylvania Highlands. Apart from the noble mountain peaks, there are springs, picturesque or medicinal or steeped in historic or legendary lore. These the Pennsylvania Alpine Clubs would popularize and preserve from contamination for future generations. There is the famed Arch Spring in Sinking Valley, Capt. Logan's Spring in Tyrone City, and the same grand old Chief's Spring near Bell's Furnace, Blair County, Chief James Logan's Spring near Reedsville in Mifflin County, Rock Spring in Centre County, where the bodies of the defeated warriors of the Lenni Lenape were hurled after the Battle of the Indian Steps in 1635, Tea Springs, which marks the border of four counties, Union, Lycoming, Clinton and Centre, McElhattan Springs, five springs beloved by the Susquehannock Chieftain Hyloshotkee in the olden days, the Sulphur Spring at Loganton, where Chief James Logan recovered from many a prostrating illness, Zeller's Spring in Sugar Valley where Peter Pentz crippled James Logan, the Sand Spring on the Coudersport Pike, where German pioneers saw fairies bathing, all in Clinton County; the Big Sulphur Spring in Union County, where Dorman skinned his giant panther, and hosts of others, some with their properties yet to be discovered, others buried beneath leaves and debris to be dug out, others with their history still unrecorded. Then there are the caves to be explored, the huge, mysterious boulders to be "geologized." There is much that this Pandean

organization can accomplish to raise the *spirituality* of dwellers in Central Pennsylvania above this fat-faced clean-shaven age of smug commercialism that makes people look no higher than their desks. They must be carried up into the mountains beloved by the Gods. Then shall come a greater Pennsylvania, far richer than the one we know now, richer in citizenship, higher ideals, loftier patriotism, more steadfast in faith, all attributes learned from the mountains, which will become shrines, and no longer be defaced by the lumberman and defiled by the forest fire. And then the Millenium will be at hand, attained centuries sooner than the half-hearted wishers for such a condition ever dreamed it could come. The glory of Pennsylvania is in her mountains, they are the treasure houses wherein are shut the pearls without price, the human soul, that must be opened before we can call ourselves really great. Pennsylvania's grandest men have been born or lived in the mountains. Unconsciously they absorbed part of the mighty heart of the hills. Ponder how much greater mankind collectively will be when all strive to receive from the mountains its endless heritage of human betterment. Already there are signs of the times. It is reported that Governor Brumbaugh has held up the contract made by certain members of the State Forestry Commission to sell the face of Jack's Mountain near Mapleton Tunnel for sand rock —a rich Commonwealth for a few dollars of passing gain bargaining away one of Nature's masterpieces. (See description of Jack's Mountain Gap in Chapter



Where History Was Made. Logan House, Altoona, Scene of War Governors' Conference, 1862.

V of this book). In Berks County the impressively attended State Conservation convention held in Reading in June of last year started a movement to stop the quarriers from further destroying slopes of Mount Penn and Neversink Mountain, two superb heights which lie directly facing the city. These mountains once "a beauty and a joy forever" in their rich, green verdure now look like the cliffs of Dover or the noseless Sphinx of the Egyptian plains, and all for a few dollars! It is related by Hon. John D. Mishler, "Reading's First Citizen," a man who ought to be elected *Mayor for life,* that when several distinguished Japanese were in the Berks County metropolis some years ago they marvelled at the demolition going on upon the nearby mountains. One of them remarked, perhaps ironically: "What a wonderful people you Americans are, those mountains are evidently in the way of your view and you set out to remove them as if they were *ant hills.*"



XIV. A HIKE TO BLUE KNOB.

First Published Description of an Ascent to the Summit of Blue Knob, the Highest Mountain in Pennsylvania, by
J. EDGAR PROBYN
(The Observer)
Reprinted from the Altoona Tribune, issues of November 23 to December 1, 1916.

Who said "13" was unlucky?

The Observer and twelve other Altoonans smashed that old superstition to smithereens on Sunday, the 13th, for we rode on trains, scaled mountains and ate all sorts of indigestible things—and came through unscathed.

Incidentally, we achieved another of our steen million ambitions—for we scaled the heights of Blue Knob and stood on the highest point of land in Pennsylvania.

For several years we had heard that Blue Knob was the highest altitude in the state and had a strong desire to mount to its summit.

On our previous hike with Messrs. Kinch and McGraw, along the Old Portage road, they promised to guide us some day in the Fall to the top of Blue Knob and we patiently waited for the day to come.

It came on Sunday and the burden of this article and what may follow will have to do with a nineteen-mile hike, which left The Observer elated and happy, but footsore and weary.



BLUE KNOB (Height 3,160 Feet) The Highest Mountain in Pennsylvania.
(From Photo by Donald McGraw, Altoona.)

On Saturday afternoon, Friend Kinch's voice was heard on the 'phone: "We're going to Blue Knob tomorrow. Be at the station at 6:20 to take the train to Ben's Creek."

It was somewhat of a test of our desire to see Blue Knob to leave the pillow so early on Sunday morning—the only day when we can loaf among the feathers—but we at last promised to be there.

We were awake at 4 o'clock and slept the remainder of the time with one eye open, but at 5:30 we were up and stirring. Friend Wife saw that we were plentifully fortified in the inner man for the day's long journey and clad in a nondescript outfit, with a stout walking cane, we were at the station ten minutes before train time.

One by one the hikers rolled into the station—all in great glee—like school boys, and the roll call showed the following distinguished gentlemen present: H. B. Kinch, Blair county's premier nature authority and veteran hiker, who lopes along with a 32-inch stride all day and never gets tired; H. A. McGraw, vice president of the Blair County Game and Forestry Association, who is pushing Brother Kinch for honors as an expert in woodcraft; Donald McGraw, son of H. A., who promises to outrival his father one of these days, and incidentally, one of the Tribune's best carriers; J. C. Brallier, superintendent of mails at the post office, who is devoted to the outdoors; James V. Westfall, of the Westfall Co., a patient and steady-going plodder, who always gets there without hurry or

excitement; Prof. W. M. Roberts, of the High School faculty, premier athlete and authority on sports; Prof. Charles Grimminger, of the High School faculty, instructor in French, German and Spanish, who has hiked all over the Old World, and who was the most versatile man in the party, and incidentally the life of it; Charles Mann, grocer and former art student, likewise some tenor, who enacted the role of chief surgeon of the commissariat, and gave an exhibition of Rooseveltian energy and pep; Walter Werner, chief decorator of the Westfall Co., whose windows won the first prize in the recent style show, and whose artistic leanings manifested themselves in front of every beautiful fern that grew in the forest or on some of the moss-covered boulders; Leopold Bendheim, of the Bendheim shoe store, who always led the procession and walked up the side of Blue Knob without a pause as if it were some goose-step function, who also assisted Grimmy in the comedy features enroute; W. R. and A. A. Knauer, both Pennsy employes and devotees of the woods.

This was the personnel of the party. Except The Observer, every one was an experienced woodsman and hiker. We were the only tenderfoot in the party and we must confess that the term "tenderfoot" was peculiarly appropriate to us before the long hike was ended, but we'll come to that later.

It was a cosmopolitan gathering, including Jew, Irish, German, Welsh and American, but the various races blended beautifully and there was no sign of a



Grave of "Bill" Pursley, Wolf Hunter, Weikert, Union County.

scrap all day. Every now and then the voices blended, too, but how beautifully, we must leave to the denizens of the forest.

As the train rounded the Horseshoe Curve, it was very apparent why the water authorities advise economy in the use of our water supply. There was scarcely any water in the reservoir—the middle body of water in the Altoona system—and it was very evident on the banks of Lake Altoona that the supply had been lowered considerably. All the mountain streams passed during the day were very low and unless there is a heavy rain or snow before winter sets in, the situation will be serious.

It was too early and the morning mist too heavy to catch a glimpse of nature's wonders as the train climbed the Alleghenies. However, the tree-covered hills of the mountains were in wonderful contrast to the scenes from Gallitzin to Ben's Creek, where the hand of man has denuded the surrounding country of all vegetation and instead there is nothing but barren, dull-looking hills, seamed and fissured and scarred, so that the sight is dreary and depressing. At 7:15 a. m., the train stopped at Cassandra, or Ben's Creek, as it is better known, and after adjusting pedometers, the thirteen hikers crossed under the tracks of the main line and struck directly south toward Blue Knob.

Ben's Creek is a typical mining settlement. Houses are strung along the road for almost a mile, all of the same type, some painted red and others without paint. The yards and gardens lack all semblance of order

and neatness. The stream known as Ben's Creek, from which the town gets its name, runs through a ravine, the waters being of a reddish hue, from the mine drainage. There is a branch of the railroad on each side of the ravine and here and there along the mountainside, may be seen an abandoned mine opening. The present operations are at the furthest extremity of the village and while passing, we noted the small mine cars being hauled to the mines, indicating that operations were being conducted on Sunday. A number of workmen got off the train and proceeded up the tracks toward the mine. We saw scarcely any people along the way. Probably it was too early and they were taking their Sunday morning siesta. Anyhow, we were glad when Ben's Creek was passed and we found ourselves on a mountain road, headed for the village of Blue Knob, the first habitation we were to encounter after leaving Ben's Creek.

Just a short distance from Ben's Creek, the mountain is wild in appearance. There is very little timber standing, but the land abounds in brush, brambles and young saplings of various kinds. The road is typical of mountain highways—two deep ruts and huge stones in the centre—with enough mud holes to keep one agile in jumping from place to place. Three or four miles from Ben's Creek, the road passes a grove of rhododendron and ferns, and the effect of the bright green hidden deep in the woods along the waters of Ben's Creek, is beautiful when contrasted with the drab of the autumn-tinted foliage.



Dan Treaster's Barn, where he was marooned by wolves in the old days.

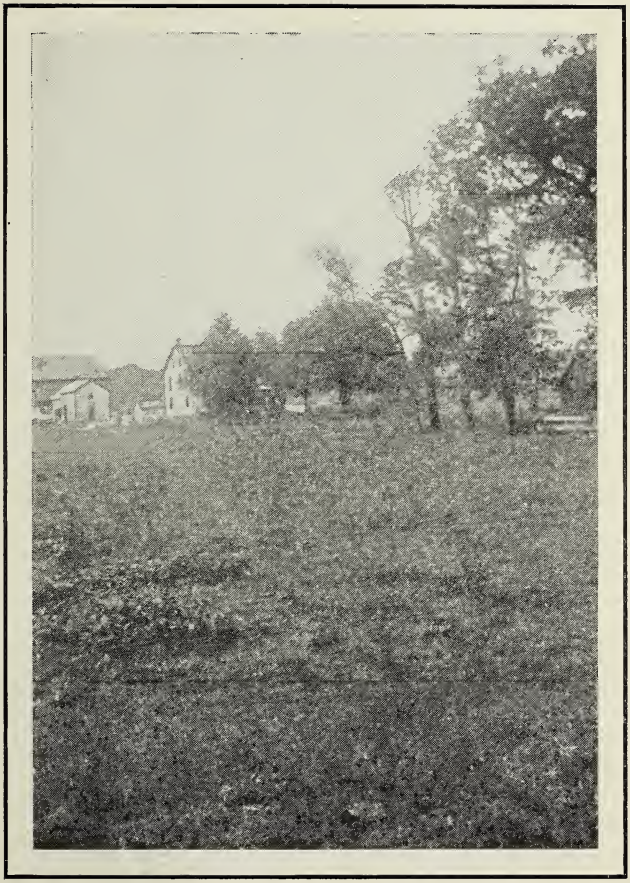
Guide Kinch and The Observer were trotting ahead of the party near this point, when Mr. Kinch was called back. The party had gathered about a tall sapling, on which were sharp thorns and which had a peculiar cluster of prickly flowers or seeds at the top. There was a dispute as to the name of the tree. After careful scrutiny and an examination of the core of the tree, Mr. Kinch decided it was what is known as Hercules club. If ever there was a misnomer, that is one, for the core of the little sapling was pithy like milkweed and one good blow would shatter it to pieces. Old Hercules surely used a stouter club than that—we would imagine an oak or hickory sapling would have been better suited to his brawny arms—but somebody had named the tree in days gone by and although it is a rank misfit, it is Hercules club.

There is an abundance of ground pine in that vicinity and from the experts we learned there are three varieties of ground pine—all of which were found on the hike. There is the common variety which grows like a miniature evergreen tree and is beautiful in its symmetry. Then there is what is known as the Elkhorn variety, which sends up stems from the centre, and lastly, what is known as crow's foot, which grows along the ground like a creeper. We placed a bit of ground pine in our buttonhole and took it home as the only souvenir of our visit to the heart of the Alleghenies. Ferns also grow in abundance and in great variety and these, coupled with the appearance of hemlocks, were delightfully contrasted with

the brown feathery appearance of the fast-disappearing foliage on the mountains. While passing this secluded spot with its wealth of ferns and rhododendrons, we passed the source of Ben's creek and came to the divide, on the other side of which is the source of Bob's creek, which flows in the opposite direction and in which Altoonans now have a direct interest since the city acquired a site for a reservoir on the creek in the vicinity of Blue Knob—several miles from its source.

Just before reaching the headwaters of Bob's Creek, one of the party found an iron wheel and there was much speculation as to how it got there—in such a remote and lonely place. A few feet farther on, a pile of sawdust solved the enigma and it was evident that in days gone by a sawmill had been erected there and then abandoned.

Soon after crossing the crest of the divide, we came to a tiny little stream which Guide Kinch announced was Bob's Creek. "Lew Fields" Bendheim had a topographical map with him, showing in detail the country through which we were to travel, and Mr. Kinch was found to be correct in his statement. At that point, the stream was not two feet wide—just a little rivulet—with water clear as crystal. All felt that if the water was as pure at the Conrad farm, which the city of Altoona has bought, which is several miles from the source, Bob's Creek will be a desirable acquisition to our water supply, although there was much speculation among the members of the party as to how



Colonel John Kelly Homestead, Union County.

the city will divert the water over the mountain to Altoona.

On all sides there were evidences of the activity of woodsmen. Piles of timber were seen here and there and freshly-made roads testified that the hand of man was again despoiling the headwaters of the stream of much of its cover. Just as the hikers were quaffing their thirst from the crystal waters of the creek, a church bell was heard to the south. It was exactly 9 o'clock and the sound of the bell in that lonely wilderness had a decidedly appealing effect upon the imagination. It was the bell of Mt. Moriah United Brethren church more than three miles away, yet its tone was as loud and distinct as if but 100 yards away. It was very mellow and had a musical ring and all were reminded for the instant that it was the time when men, women and children all over the east were preparing themselves for worship, while thousands upon thousands were already in the sanctuary paying their tribute of praise. Another evidence of the stillness of the mountains and the distance sound will travel was given when almost near Blue Knob. The trains on the main line—eight miles away—could be heard whistling distinctly. The topographical map showed that at the point where the hikers stood, they were 2600 feet above sea level.

After traveling about two miles from the source of Bob's Creek, the hikers were surprised in coming around a bend in the road to see a fertile valley spread before them. It had the same effect as if one came

from darkness to light. All the way from Ben's Creek to that point, we had been hemmed in by woods and there was no sign of human habitation. Here spread before us, were broad fields, in an excellent state of cultivation, stretching far to the south. It was a surprise that such a tremendous expanse of cleared land existed on top of the mountain, so remote from the centres of population. Although the post office was fully two miles away, the entire section is known as Blue Knob. Across the fertile lands and far in the distance, could be seen mountains towering in the air, and over in that direction somewhere lay our objective—the mountain of Blue Knob.

The homes in the vicinity of Blue Knob village are very cosy in appearance and substantially built. Some are quite up to date, indicating prosperity on the part of the owners. If anybody wishes to lead the simple life, we can imagine no better place than the Blue Knob farming country, on the crest of the Alleghenies. Portage is the nearest trading centre—nine miles to the west—and most of the marketing is done at Portage, because of its convenience. In conversation with a farmer on horseback who was accompanied by his small boy, we were pleased to learn that the Tribune finds its way every day to even the remotest recesses of the Blue Knob region, proving that there is scarcely a spot where the Tribune does not go with its daily messages from all over the world.

We felt quite at home when we hit the vicinity of Blue Knob, for we knew one of the prominent



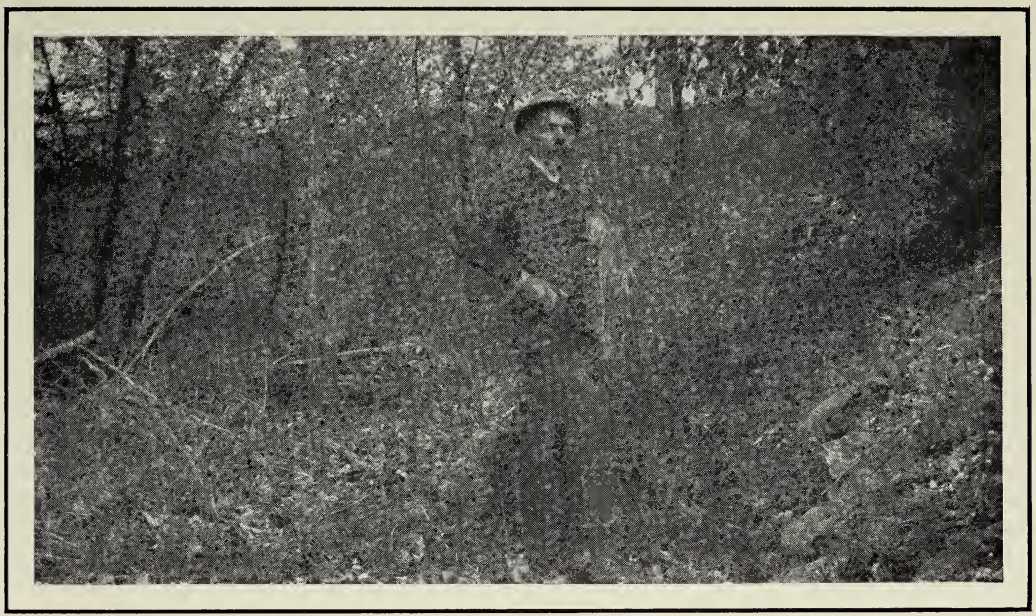
Old Zimmerman Homestead, Union County, now replaced by a modern hotel property.

citizens—Reuben Long, postmaster of the village, storekeeper and man of affairs. Mr. Long is one of the Tribune's circle of readers. We knew that from having met him at the office and talking with him on the telephone—for Blue Knob is not so remote but what it keeps in touch with the outside world. We happened to be just in time to have a brief chat with Mr. Long for he had just tuned up his big touring car and with his family was about to go to church. In J. Elvin Brumbaugh's younger days, he had taught school at Blue Knob and Altoona's assistant postmaster is still very kindly remembered by his Blue Knob friends. The school house where J. Elvin first taught the A B C's is still standing, but there is a newer and more commodious brick building some distance away. Mr. Long has a handsome home, painted white, and it is situated in the heart of the village. Across the street is Mt. Sinai church, built by Mr. Long's father, on the cornerstone of which the Geological Survey has placed a bench mark, showing the altitude at that point to be 2375 feet. The cemetery adjoining is well filled, the names of Long, Ritchey and Diehl predominating. It is said that Blue Knob consists almost entirely of Ritcheys and Diehls and in the grove nearby, there is a large gathering of members of the two clans every year. While conversing with Mr. Long, we were again reminded that it was Sunday when we heard some hymns being played on the organ by Mr. Long's daughter, Miss Florence. The P. O. S. of A. hall opposite the church furnishes a meeting place for

the community. Mr. Long is well known to the political leaders of the county, for everything is Republican at Blue Knob. They are so saturated with Republicanism that they never know there is another ticket running and when some of the party asked how Blue Knob went for the presidency, Mr. Long smiled and said: "Republican."

Another delightful gentleman who showered the hikers with hospitality at the village of Blue Knob was John Ritchey, fire warden for the Juniata township district. Mr. Ritchey and Mr. McGraw are warm friends and in a few moments, the host had a big pan of apples before his guests—Spitzenbergs and pippins. In the apple-eating contest, Brother Westfall managed to capture the honors. James showed a strong liking for the Spitz variety—and we don't blame him.

After leaving Blue Knob, we followed an excellent road all the way to the mountain of Blue Knob—about three miles away. By the way, we were surprised at the excellent state of the roads in that section. They were admirably kept. There is a peculiarity about Blue Knob—one cannot see it until you are almost onto it, even though it is the highest peak in Pennsylvania. It is hidden on three sides by peaks almost as high. Soon after leaving the village, a kink manifested itself back of The Observer's knee. Bendheim and "Grimmy" led the procession at a swinging gait and we managed to keep up, but with each step the kink became kinkier and ere long it seemed as if



Old Buffalo Path, Union County, and portrait of Jacob W. Zimmerman, Guide and Boniface.

we should have to borrow a crutch. The left leg seemed to shrink about two inches and we couldn't take our usual stride. We had to walk gingerly lest the kink should snap.

Did you ever have that taut feeling in your tendons—when it seemed as if a little extra exertion would break them off? That's just the way we managed to hobble those last three miles between Blue Knob village and Blue Knob mountain. We passed Mt. Hope church just as service was being held. There were about twenty farmers' rigs tied outside and a few automobiles, and we were sorely tempted to borrow a "Henry" and finish the distance, but pride would not permit. We determined to see the thing through or bust. Fortunately, we didn't bust. We suggested to some of the hikers that it would be very nice to stop at the church and attend the preaching service, but they were so madly in haste to get to the foot of Blue Knob, which now appeared about a mile away, that it was impossible to stop them. So we stuck to it and at last—exactly eleven miles by Brother Kinch's pedometer—we lay down at the foot of Blue Knob, while "Grimmy" and Mann and a few others busied themselves in lighting a fire to boil coffee.

While keeping up with "Grimmy," as Prof. Charles Grimminger is wont to be called, we learned something of his unique travels and sociological studies abroad and in this country, and we hope some day to get the genial and original professor to detail some of his experiences for readers of this column.

He has hiked from the source of the Rhone to its mouth and has slept alone at night in deserted castles. He has also traversed the Rhine from its source to its mouth, doing his own cooking along the way, even before he understood the German language. He has toured through Spain, Italy, France, Germany and the British Isles and has always kept away from the beaten paths. He preferred to mingle with the people and has lived in the slums of all the large cities purposely, so as to study them from a sociological standpoint. Last year he spent five weeks in the Ghetto of New York City, and his experiences would make highly entertaining reading. It was interesting to The Observer to note the lack of artificiality in his personality. All along the hike, his witticisms and repartee kept the hikers amused and entertained and he possesses a strong and intense individuality.

Just at the point where a halt was made for lunch, there is a farm kept by a German with a strong accent. He has two fierce dogs and it looked for a time as if all hands would be forced to climb trees, but eventually Brother Mann, armed with his woodsman's hatchet, braved the canines in their lair and secured drinking water from the spring. Two upright forked sticks and a cross-piece held a pail of water and soon a fire was kindled underneath and the odor of coffee was as incense to the nostrils of some of the hikers. Every fellow had his own lunch and there was quite a variety. The communistic spirit was manifested strongly and a delightful half hour was spent around the camp fire.



DR. J. T. ROTHROCK,

Founder Pennsylvania Department of Forestry, and Pioneer of Forest Conservation in United States.

About a mile below the Blue Knob dining hall is the Conrad farm recently acquired by the City of Altoona and slightly further over, on the next hill, is the spot where the two little Cox children were found dead some years ago. A granite marker has been erected on the spot. Pavia is about three miles to the south and Claysburg eight miles to the east. After dinner, the climb to the top of Blue Knob began. The elevation on the roadway, where lunch was eaten, is 2,576 feet, and the elevation of Blue Knob is 3,136 feet. We had a climb of 560 feet up the side of the mountain, with no path to travel. McGraw and Kinch led the way and the balance of the "13" straggled along behind, Westfall bringing up the rear at a safe and sane distance. "Grimmy" and Bendheim were unable to stop until the top was reached, but all others paused to ease the heart beats and catch the breath. The side of the mountain is thick with underbrush and brambles and these had to be pushed aside. Now and then one of the branches swung back, giving the hikers a stinging blow in the face. Here and there the ascent was very steep and the carpet of leaves hid loose stones, causing the hikers to slip frequently. It was no easy matter. Every ounce of energy was called into play and the walking cane proved of great value in bracing oneself now and then. There are no huge boulders on the west side of the mountain, however, and after a strenuous struggling of forty minutes, the hikers were on the crest of the highest point of land in the state of Pennsylvania. We felt like

shouting "Eureka" or "Excelsior" or some other word of exclamation. Now we can imagine the thrill that must come to Alpine climbers who scale dizzy heights and precipices and finally stand on the highest peak of all. There is a sense of satisfaction in having accomplished something requiring all the forces at one's command—of triumphing over Nature—and this was the feeling in each heart at 1:20 p. m. that Sunday, as we looked out over the "Schwytz" country, as that section is popularly known.

Except for two narrow defiles, Blue Knob is something of a disapointment so far as the panorama is concerned. It is so shut in by other mountains that but two narrow openings are left where one can look for any distance. On the west side of the mountain, one sees the "Schwytz" country, which might be called a valley on top of the mountain. However, this view is very limited, and the best vantage point on a clear day is from the northern end of the Knob, where one may see the buildings in Altoona with naked eye. It was too misty on Sunday to catch this view, but others in the party who have visited Blue Knob on previous occasions, say that through the narrow depression in the mountain in the foreground, one may see a portion of Altoona. Looking northeast, one catches a glimpse of the country towards Claysburg, but this again is too narrow in perspective to excite a thrill. Some of the hikers climbed the tops of trees, but even from this vantage point, the "Schwytz" country afforded the only panoramic effect, and it was very



Fort Horn Monument, near Pine Station, Clinton County.

pleasing. The view from Blue Knob is not to be compared with the wonderful panorama seen from Wopsononock's noble brow, where mountains and valleys and cities and more mountains merge into a vista that is unsurpassed. The sweep of the panorama from Wopsy is sublime. From Blue Knob, it is so restricted by the presence of surrounding peaks as to be scarcely worth the climb. Yet there is a lot of satisfaction in knowing that you have elevated yourself above the heads of 8,000,000 Pennsylvanians. We were exactly 11½ miles from Ben's Creek.

On one of the trees was found a muslin sign placed there by members of the Blair County Game and Forestry Association, announcing a fine of $10 for molesting any wild bird or nest. On it was written the date—April 30, 1916—and the names of the men who were there—Messrs. Kinch, McGraw, Stouffer, Wingert and Steins. The hikers' names were placed on the margin of the card and if you go there some day, you will find The Observer's name among the rest. All the trees on top of the Knob are oak. Far below stood Mt. Hope church—like a toy church building—the only habitation to be seen in this whole landscape. The clouds cast their shadows on the mountains far in the distance and a strong but fresh and exhilarating breeze drove the clouds swiftly along, giving promise of rain ere long. The promise was not fulfilled, however, despite the crowing of the roosters which Mr. Kinch felt was a sure sign of rain, and the entire journey was made under ideal conditions. The brush

is thick on top of the mountain and after spending half an hour there, the descent was begun down the northern slope.

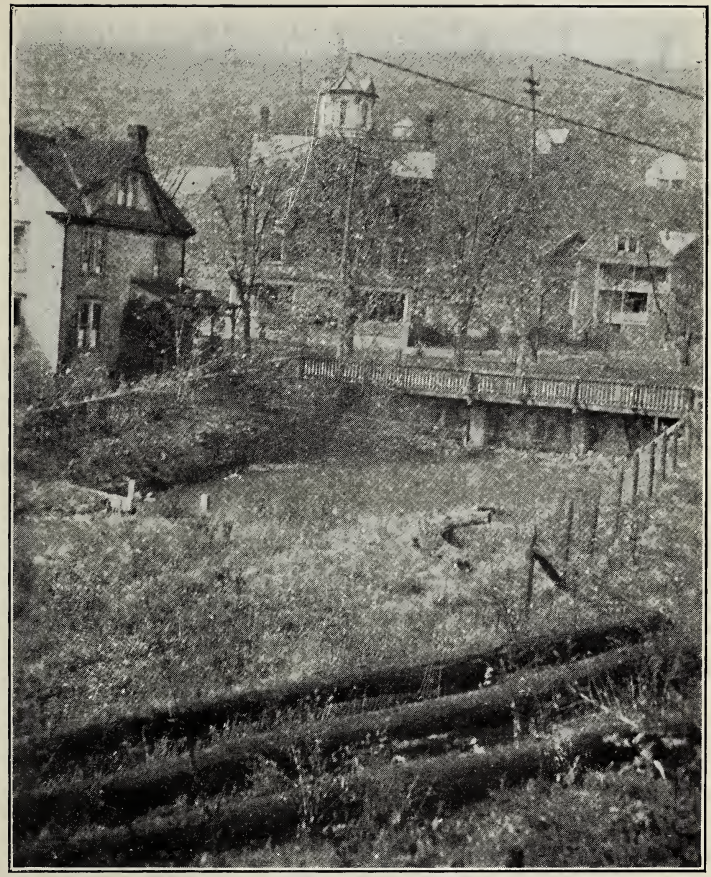
It is much easier to drop 600 feet down the side of a mountain than to climb the same distance. In fact, we traveled so fast at times, what with slipping and sliding, that it seemed as if the foot of the mountain was coming up to meet us. More than one of the hikers performed some most ungraceful evolutions and it is a wonder we did not finish the descent with curvature of the spine. It took twenty-five minutes to descend. There was less brush on the northern slope, but here and there were huge stones, seemingly carved from a quarry, with the tops as smooth as a board, some covered with moss and vegetation. One big rock was split in two by a small tree which persisted in finding its way toward the sky. Two of the greatest treasures found along the way were modest little violets which tried to hide their beauty with a covering of leaves. Mr. Kinch said he had often seen violets in October but never before in November, and the blushing flowerets were tenderly uprooted and brought to Altoona by the finders.

Just before leaving Blue Knob, Werner joined the party after a private expedition, bearing in his hand a good-sized hornet's nest.

That led to the query: When is a hornet not a hornet?

To which the answer is: When it's dead.

None of the hikers were quite sure there were hor-



Captain John Logan's Spring, now in heart of Tyrone City, Blair County.

nets in the nest and they were still more uncertain as to whether they were alive or dead, but in response to The Observer's desire to see the interior of a hornet's nest, Guide McGraw took out his knife and slit it from top to bottom.

While the operation was in progress all hands held their breath, for hornets have a way of showing their spite that is most unpleasant, especially when they sit down on one's neck.

Nothing happened, and we had a safe peep at the interior of the pesky varmint's home. Guide Kinch says the nest is made from the scaling of fence rails, which the hornets bite off and carry home, converting the thin wood by some process into a continuous strip of almost gauze-like grey paper. There seemed to be three or four layers of the material and inside were three combs.

On top of the highest comb were found several hornets clasped together in their last long embrace. The queen hornet, twice as large as her subjects, was found half way down the nest, snugly hidden under the middle comb. In the cells were found hornets in varying stages of growth. Some were in the larvae state, while others were full grown and ready to pop out.

It was the first time in our young life we had ever attempted to handle a full-grown hornet, but we picked one up and held it without the slightest trepidation.

There's a reason: They were dead

Most of the hornets die during the cold weather, although if the nest is taken home and left in a warm place, they come to life surprisingly and annoyingly quickly, as Brother Werner can testify.

There is much more we might say about the habits of hornets if we only knew what to say, but we must hasten down the mountain to Claysburg, or we'll never get home.

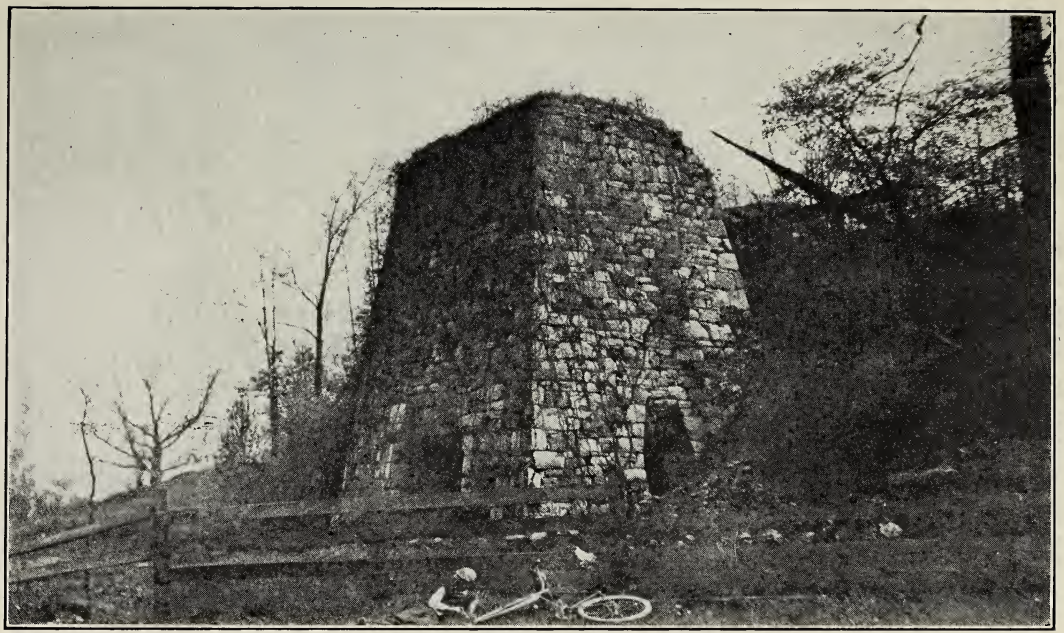
At the foot of the mountain we came upon the residence and farm of William Ritchey—one of the Ritcheys of Blue Knob. Mr. Ritchey was very hospitable and invited the hikers to an open plot where three barrels of sweet cider stood temptingly.

"Do you like cider?" said he.

All hands avowed they did and without further ceremony, said William Ritchey did then and there in the presence of the assembled company, placed a big tin pail under the bung hole of one of the barrels and let 'er splash. From the pail it found its way down thirteen throats and in a short time the pail looked as if it had sprung a good-sized leak.

At the Ritchey farm we saw a rare species of mouse—the kangaroo or jumping mouse—with long hind legs and long ears. It had committed suicide in a pail of milk. Poor thing! One of the hikers took it with him to mount it.

Guide Kinch says that the mountain between Blue Knob and Poplar Run presents the wildest scenery in this part of the State and since he has visited every section on foot many times during the past thirty years, we believe he is qualified to speak.



Martin Bell's Old Stack, in Tuckahoe Valley, Blair County.

Anyhow, the term "Schwytz," meaning Swiss, is very appropriate, for on all sides, particularly at Lick Hollow, the scenery is strongly suggestive of Swiss views so often seen in books and magazines.

There is no road from the Ritchey farm down the hollow towards Poplar Run—nothing but a path. Down, down, down goes the path and we pass through a grove of beechwood, whose silver coloring gives the ravine a fairy-like appearance. On either side, the banks are covered with a thick carpet of leaves and hemlocks abound, while the tiny stream in the bed of the deep ravine adds to the wild yet beautiful effect.

At last we were forced to walk the bed of the stream, which is known among the natives of that section as Bull's Creek, but which appears on the maps as South Poplar Run. Far above us towered the mountains on each side—probably 1,000 feet high at that point. A lumber camp and piles of sawed timber indicated the activity of the woodsmen, although none of them were present as we passed.

To the left of the ravine is a deep hollow, the almost perpendicular sides of which have been cultivated. It seems almost impossible that a team of horses could stand up on the side of the mountain. How in the world the pioneer ever cleared the land and then plowed it was a mystery to the hikers.

As we passed a barn across the ravine we shouted:

"What place is this?"

"Lick Hollow," was the answer. Another person shouted: "Hill Cove."

Whatever it is, it is worth seeing, for it is an indication of what a man can do against the forces of nature.

Just below Lick Hollow is one of the prettiest gems of Nature to be seen in this section. It is a waterfall, surrounded by hemlocks, while the rocks are covered with moss and ferns are abundant. The water of South Poplar Run leaps over a shelf of rock to a deep pool twelve feet below. Just now the stream is low, but even at that it is a beautiful sight to see the water tumbling over the jagged rocks. With the stream bank full, it must be inspiring. We cannot imagine a more ideal retreat for one who wishes a sylvan nook or a shady glen to spend some quiet moments. It would also make an ideal objective for lovers.

The village of Poplar Run consists of a few scattered houses, a school house and general store and a church building. A few men lounging on the village green told us the name of the place.

Looking back from this place, the scenery is sublime beyond description. We do not hesitate to say it is the most beautiful sight anywhere in this section. Towering in the background are no less than six mountain peaks, all nearly 1,000 feet high, and with the little village in the foreground, the effect is surely Swiss-like.

About a mile farther down, the hikers halted a moment. In a field nearby some of the young men and



Captain John Logan's Spring, near Bell's Furnace, Blair County.

boys amused themselves playing ball and we were surprised and pleased when one of the spectators walked over to The Observer and made himself known. It was L. G. Dively, one of the candidates in the Tribune's circulation campaign. Mr. Dively was just as glad to see us as if he had won one of the cars.

From this point on to Claysburg, navigating was a difficult procedure for The Observer. With the kink in the back of the left knee, there also developed a tender spot on the sole of the left foot and with two handicaps, we had to exercise a lot of stern resolve. A fine touring car standing near where the boys played ball was a sore temptation. On the way an automobile passed and we had to sit on ourself good and hard not to stop the chauffeur and ask for a lift. In the distance could be seen the quarried heights of Dunning's mountain, just above Claysburg. It was three miles away. My! how long those three miles seemed. However, our courage asserted itself and we hobbled into Claysburg forty-five minutes before the 5:20 train left. In order to forget our troubles, the hikers harmonized a bit for the benefit of the waiting passengers and nobody seemed a bit the worse after it was over.

Guide Kinch's official pedometer showed exactly nineteen miles and every mile was a joy to The Observer, even with a sore foot and game leg. The hikers were congenial and we could not desire finer company. We hope it will not be the last time we thirteen shall meet. When we arrived at Altoona, there seemed to be a blister on the sole of that left foot about

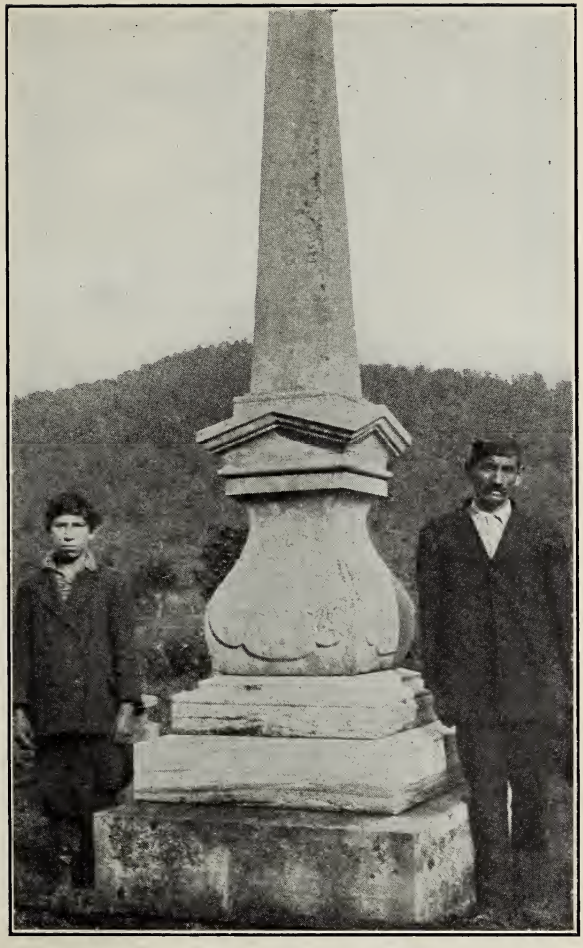
the size of a dollar, and stiff, sore and weary we boarded a trolley car for home, delighted with the day's outing. An hour later we sat in church looking unconcerned as though we had been in bed all day, and listening to one of the greatest Republican sermons we have ever heard. It was a very full day and we recommend it to our readers.

Here endeth the story of The Observer's hike from Ben's Creek to Claysburg, via Blue Knob, and we trust it has not been over-weary in its reading.

"The Lost Children of the Alleghenies."

Through the courtesy of our good friend, A. L. Hench, of Altoona, we have been privileged to read a book entitled, "The Lost Children of the Alleghenies," and since the incident occurred near the vicinity of Blue Knob, we feel that this is the proper time to revive the story for the benefit of the younger generation who may not be familiar with the tragedy which stirred this entire section in the year 1856.

Many doubtless have heard of the story of the two boys who wandered from their home in Spruce Hollow, Bedford county, and after twelve days of constant searching were found near the edge of a little stream which flowed into Bob's Creek, both having died from starvation and exposure. Rev. W. P. Zimmerman, of Philadelphia, is the author of the book referred to, which not only gives the facts in prose but also recites them in blank verse and contains several chapters on religious and moral questions. While standing



Monument over Grave of Ga-ni-o-di-uh, or Cornplanter,
Cornplanter Reservation, Warren County.
(From photo by P. C. Hockenbery, Warren.)

at the foot of Blue Knob, we were able to see the ridges which the poor lost boys had crossed in their effort to find their way home and Guide Kinch pointed out approximately the spot where a granite marker indicates just where the little fellows were found.

Although the story of the boys being lost is well known among the older inhabitants, it may not be generally known that the bodies were found as the result of a dream which came to a man living twelve miles away from the scene of the mountain tragedy. Here are some extracts from the book:

"In the year 1856, there lived in Spruce Hollow in a little log cabin, a family by the name of Cox. The family consisted of Samuel Cox, Susannah his wife, George S., aged 7, Joseph C., aged 5, and a daughter, aged 2.

"On the 20th day of April, 1856, while Mr. Cox and his family were about to partake of their breakfast, the loud barking of the dog attracted their attention. Mr. Cox remarked that if the dog continued to bark until he had finished eating, he would go out and shoot it whatever it was that caused the dog to bark. Hastily finishing his meal, he shouldered his gun and started for the woods in the direction of the dog's bark, leaving his two little sons at the table with their mother and their little sister.

"Failing to find any game, he returned to the cabin by a different route from that which he had taken in going out, and not seeing the boys, he inquired of their mother where they were. She had not noticed them after they had gone out from breakfast. As there was

but little land cleared about their cabin, it did not take long to determine that they must have followed after their father. The parents both in wild alarm ran to the mountain, and although they made a careful search, they failed to find them. Almost distracted, they made the fact known to their neighbors that their boys were lost in the wilds of the mountains.

"The news spread like wildfire and ere the sun had set, fully 200 men were searching the hills and ravines. They remained out all night and kept up fires on different cliffs, hoping thereby to attract the children, but not even a footprint was found. Thousands eventually joined in the search for the boys without success.

"Many were the views, conjectures and speculations concerning the fate of the boys. Some would have it that wild beasts had devoured them; others that they had been carried away by gypsies; still others believed they had been kidnapped or stolen; others that they had been drowned in one of the mountain streams, but the great majority believed they still lived in one of the many dark caverns in the mountains and redoubled their exertion to rescue them.

"A colored man who lived in Morrison's Cove, who had gained some notoriety in revealing mysterious things by means of a peach tree limb, was sent for to practice his magic art. It did not take long to prove that he and his peach tree limb were frauds of the first water.

"There was living in Somerset county an old witch, who was noted for her conjuring powers. After a short consultation, it was determined to send for



Oldest House in Cornplanter Reservation. Birthplace of Jim Jacobs, "The Seneca Bear Hunter," 1790.

her. When she arrived and went through a number of conjuring tricks, she said she could see the boys plainly far out in the interior of the mountain, subsisting on nuts, and lodged at night on a nice bed of leaves under a heavy bunch of laurel. But she said: 'I can't find the children unless you give me some money.' Her conditions were complied with and she led the searchers until nightfall. The next day she led the way, followed by hundreds of people, but when night came the children were not to be found, and she declared she could go no further.

"After ten days and nights of fruitless search, with no hope of finding the lost boys, a faint glimmer of light was shed upon the scene. A man by the name of Jacob Dibert, living between twelve and thirteen miles from the place where the children were lost, dreamed that while out searching for them he had found them.

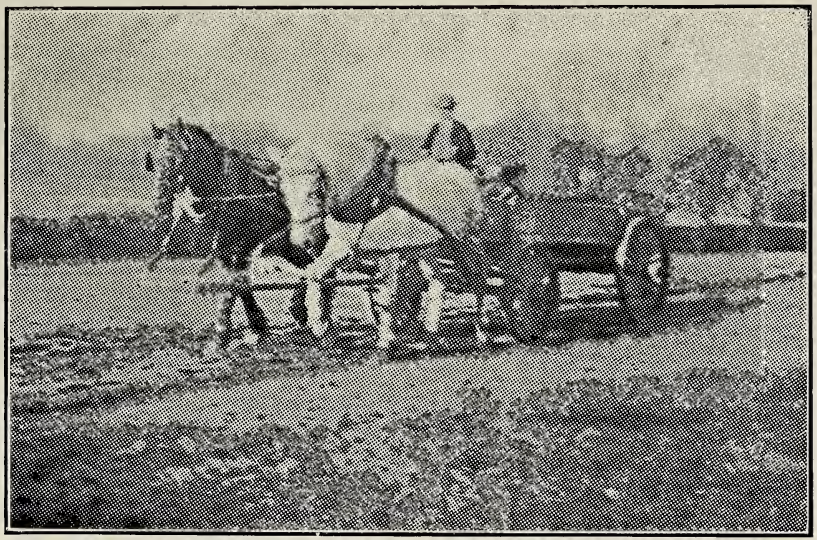
"In his dream, he wandered far out in the mountain where there was a large stream, which proved to be Bob's Creek, over which lay a beech log, crossing which he soon came to Blue Ridge. After climbing this he came to a ravine or narrow valley where he came across the carcass of a deer and further on a little shoe, that one of the little boys had lost. Further down was a little brooklet which formed among the mountain gorges and upon its bank grew a birch tree, the roots of which formed a semi-circle, and in this little circle on the very margin of the stream, lay the lost children, dead. At this point of the dream he awoke, and the whole scene was so clearly impressed upon his

mind that he could scarcely be convinced that it was only a dream.

"Mr. Dibert was in no way superstitious, but his wife told him there was just such a valley on that part of the mountain, about two miles distant from her father's farm, and that she frequently brought their cows from that valley.

"On the second night he again dreamed the same dream. The third night came and precisely the same vision appeared to him again. Mr. Dibert felt certain his vision was true and he started on the following day to his wife's brother, Harrison Wysong, who lived some twelve miles away, and near the place designated in his dream. When he told his brother-in-law about the dream he had had three nights in succession, Mr. Wysong told him he was getting crazy. He said that the place he described was five or six miles away from the home of the children, that they could not have traveled so far, and if they had, they never could have gotten over Bob's Creek, which is a large stream. None of the searchers had looked on the east side of the stream—none supposed for an instant they could have crossed it without being drowned.

"Mr. Wysong tried to dissuade his brother-in-law from going on such a wild hunt. 'Very well,' said Mr. Dibert, 'if you will not accompany me I will have to go alone.' Failing to dissuade him, they started together the next day and it wasn't long until they had reached the stream and the log he had seen in his dream. Farther on they passed the dead deer. After climbing Blue Ridge, near the top lay the little shoe,



Reminiscent of "La Belle France"—Team of Snyder County-bred Percheron stallions. (Owned by the author.)



Mausoleum of Col. Gardeau, McKean County,
formerly a great lumber town.

which had been worn by the younger of the children. Going down the ravine, they came to the little brooklet and the children were found in exactly the position shown in the dream.

"Their bodies were wasted to mere skeletons; their limbs scarred and lacerated from traveling through thorns and thickets; their clothing worn out and hanging in shreds about their emaciated forms. It was evident that they had wandered until completely worn out from fatigue and hunger. They were interred in one coffin and fully 5,000 persons were present at the funeral. They were buried in Mount Union cemetery, Bedford county. Both Mr. and Mrs. Cox lived to a ripe age and were then gathered home to join their long-mourned sons in the better world."

These are the essential facts in the story and as The Observer recalls the immense stretch of wild and barren country in that region, we can well imagine how easily a child might have been lost, especially when timber was so dense, as it was in 1856. As we looked down from our eminence on the ravine which will always be known as the place where the Cox boys were lost, we could see in our imagination the little fellows pushing their way through the almost impenetrable thickets, wild fear in their eyes, beaten and baffled at every turn, and finally falling down together for their last long sleep. Because of the tragedy associated with it, the region of Blue Knob became of intense interest and we can never dissociate the vista of mountains and ravines without a mental picture of the lost lads groping their way to their death.



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